

Mordecai Richler
Way Out West

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / MARCH 1971



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BLACK also tells the story of a boy from the Maritimes with good prospects as a runner. He had talent but, as he told Kruad one day in a track meet, he couldn't train at the winter: there were no indoor tracks where he lived and he'd be arrested, he said, if he ran in the streets. Later on he stopped competing and eventually he put up running altogether. Without facilities, coaching and financial support he just couldn't keep going. Scratch one Canadian athlete.

Scratch thousands. The Maritimes, it's true, are particularly unhelpful (not one of the 134 athletes representing Canada at the 1970 Commonwealth Games came from the Atlantic provinces), but Canada, let's face it, is a rather slim place for the athlete to make where he lives. As a people we assign very little importance to sport. We not only deny many of our best athletes the satisfaction of developing their talent, as our preference for winning games rather than giving them (fewer than 250,000 of us participate in any kind of amateur sport), we have become a nation of couch potatoes for "Joe Yancy."

After some in-corporate news — a second round in a sound body. It's one of the oldest signs of western civilization, but somehow, for us, it has lost its currency. We Canadians give high priority to sound minds providing schools and teachers to build them but neglect our efforts to the breaking point. And we believe in culture. Through the Canada Council (which will spend \$12.5 million in 1970-71) and various provincial agencies (part of the provinces now have departments of cultural affairs or cultural development), we pour the arts to the tune of about 150 million a year. The money provides operating subsidies for such companies as the National Ballet, the Canadian Opera Company, the Stratford Festival, the Manitoba Theatre Centre, the Vancouver Playhouse, to name only the largest, and

Poor Sport



We spend millions on culture while our amateur athletes go begging

BY JOHN MACFARLANE

difficult to say precisely how little money we spend on physical culture because, apart from the poverty of statistical information about sport in Canada (no one knows even how many hockey arenas we have), it's almost impossible to sort out what is and what isn't an hour-to-godness expenditure on sport. Much of it is hidden in administrative costs (building and equipping

school gymnasiums, and so on) and there are some horrendous administrative anomalies in Ontario, for instance, the Youth and Recreation Branch of the Department of Education is responsible for athletic development, but the Department of the Provincial Secretary, through the Commissioner of Athletics, chooses athletic equipment and the Department of Agriculture finances facilities).

Since 1961 the Parks and Amateur Sport branch of the Department of National Health and Welfare has been authorized to spend five million dollars a year on grants to sports associations, which, unlike (this year 20 grants received \$1,500 each, 37 non-students received \$2,000 each), a federal-provincial cost-sharing program introduced last year, research and sponsorship of the Canada Games. (In no year, however, has the department spent five million dollars; from 1961 to 1968 it spent only \$15,567, 011.) The province spent about \$5,945,000, but where, generally speaking, federal funds are channelled into competitive sport, the provinces concentrate on public recreation. New Brunswick and Saskatchewan are the only provinces that spend more on sport than culture. Only British Columbia and Nova Scotia give the same amount of money to each. The other provinces all spend more on culture than sport.

The total in federal and provincial expenditures on sport about \$11 million. However, "For people in sport to complain that the arts are getting too much money," says playwright Morrie Moore, "is like the Indians claiming that the Indians are

"Dr. Ben Woodard of the University of Toronto estimates the cost of total support, based on the statistics of competitive events, and the estimated overall expenditures are as follows:

• Provincial expenditures on sport: BC \$100,000, Alberta \$100,000, Ontario \$100,000, Quebec \$100,000, Manitoba \$100,000, Saskatchewan \$100,000, Nova Scotia \$100,000, New Brunswick \$100,000, P.E.I. \$100,000, Yukon \$100,000, Northwest Territories \$100,000.

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getting too away social services." True enough, but you can't blame the sports people for bleeding a little. The difference between \$11 million and \$50 million is the difference between fielding a strong Olympic team and just fielding an Olympic team. Lloyd Power, director of the Fitness Institute in Toronto, says Canada has dropped in somewhere around the 15th position among the 120 nations in Olympic fitness. Lloyd Power, director of the Fitness Institute in Toronto, says the rate at which we're losing athletes seeking better coaching and stronger competition — he calls it "the brown drain" — has reached near proportions. Part of the \$19 million we're now spending on sport would build arenas, swimming pools and indoor tracks. Part of that \$19 million would train and pay the salaries of coaches and managers. And part of that \$19 million would simply stimulate participation. Incredible as it may seem, children in undeveloped countries such as India score higher in fitness tests than Canadian children!

Last March McGill University issued up the 1989 fiscal year with a six million dollar deficit and decided, as part of a general cutback, to drop intercollegiate sports. It says a great deal about Canadian society toward sport, particularly about indifference, that to have a mere \$23,000 one of the oldest universities in the country with — well like that — its very own competitive sport. In one of two major reports commissioned within the last two years by the Department of National Health and Welfare, P. S. Ross and Partners conclude that "the greatest percentage of the population . . . is not motivated toward participating to any degree in physically demanding activities." That appears to be true even of young people. In a recent study, 66% of the students in a Toronto high school said that they had a high interest in sport, but only 4% of that group actually participated in school sports (and

then, some of them admitted, only because in some games it was compulsory). What accounts for the mixture of acceptance and just plain indifference that so many Canadians feel toward sport? Well, partly it's the result of the unimpressive and overly regulated physical education in our schools (The Ontario Federation of School Athletic Associations, for instance, stipulates that an athlete's hair may not be longer in the back than one inch below the base of the skull and athletes must stop at the sacrum). Partly it's what the recent report of the Task Force on Sport for Canadians (the second of the two studies commissioned by Health and Welfare) described in the old aristocratic attitude "Participation in sport," says the report, "has not accorded the same acceptance in participation as a charitable or fraternal organization . . . even though the benefits accorded the non-money may be quite as great." And partly it's the

extent to which we have allowed our attitudes toward sport to be shaped by conservatism. Vince Lombardi, the late coach of the Green Bay Packers, is famous for the aphorism: winning isn't the only thing, it's everything. That's conservatism. But there is another concept of sport, far more exhilarating and infinitely more enlightening, that Lombardi never knew. Ross, Mohr, director-general of UNESCO, describes it this way: "Sport is an order of civility, a code of ethics and aesthetic, recruiting its members from all classes and all peoples. Sport is a trace in an era of antagonisms and conflicts. It is the respite of the gods in which far competition exists in respect and friendship. Sport is education, the broad band of education — that of character. Sport is culture because it creates beauty and, above all, for those who usually have the least opportunity to feast upon it." Unfortunately, Lombardi's view of sport has



"Sport is culture because it creates beauty . . . for those who usually have the least opportunity to feast upon it"

had more adherents in Canada than Mohr's. But that can change and, to give credit where it's due, the federal government seems prepared to help. A year ago John Manly, who has taken sport more seriously than previous health ministers (although he participated only in the spirit of occasional riding a bike), unveiled a Proposed Sports Policy for Canadians. Much of it has already been implemented. In September the government opened a sports administrative centre in Ottawa, giving some sports associations office space, supplies, secretarial help and \$12,000 a year to employ an executive director. In October the government launched the Canada Fitness Award Program, a national set to encourage health and fitness among Canadians. In November the government began awarding grants in aid to promising young athletes — the equivalent of Canada's Olympic grants, but much less generous. The government has also set up the National Coaches Association and the Canadian Academy For Sports Medicine. Still in gestation is Sports Canada's Communications Council, which will put together a committee of men the government describes as "Talent in Canadian communications" to promote amateur sport. The government's recommended staff will on the most experienced of Manly's proposals, the creation of a Canada Olympics, which would be held every second year alternating with the Canada's Games. And the fate of the most important of Manly's proposals — to make private donations to amateur sport tax deductible, as private donations to culture are now — is in the busy hands of Finance Minister Edgar Benson, who gave it his blessing in his White Paper On Taxation. It's such a big question that as an age when governments are reaching hard to keep pace with public opinion, it's ironic that Ottawa, in its apprehension of culture, is a long way ahead of most of us. □



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BRITISH COLUMBIA



Bill Norton

That is a bit is called mini-basketball, it's played with lower baskets and 7-inch cover balls, and it's the invention of a group of British Columbia basketball coaches who two years ago began conducting clinics for young people in small outlying communities. One of the coaches is Bill Norton, a 58-year-old graduate coacher at Point Grey High School in Vancouver.

What Norton calls "taking sport to the country instead of the waiting for the superstars to come to us" is the result of a \$12,000 grant the British Columbia Basketball Association receives from the provincial government, of which \$1,000 has been set aside for a program week-end clinics for elementary-school students seven years and up, and, in the summer, working clinics for children 12 years and older.

On trips to such towns as Trail, Prince Rupert, Richmond, Nanaimo, Kelowna, Penticton, Kamloops and Courtenay, Norton and the other coaches have introduced basketball to about 2,000 children. "We have to limit the scope of our program because we don't have enough coaches," says Norton. "There should be 10 or 12 expert coaches in every sport conducting clinics in every community across the country."

ALBERTA

CARL SAARIMAN is a social studies teacher at Queneau Elizabeth High School in

Calgary and president of the Calgary High School Coaches Association. In September he and 45 other members of the association went on strike, changing the sports programs at 16 of the city's high schools, to support their demands for cooperation—rather a take-off or a salary increase—for their services as coaches.

High-school coaches are qualified teachers who carry full work loads during the day and, in many cases, the additional responsibility that goes with being heads of departments. Music and art teachers, the Calgary coaches pointed out, get classroom time during the day, whereas competitive sport is strictly an after-hours activity, which can necessitate a coach working 10 hours a week longer than any of his colleagues.

In October, the coaches were still negotiating with the public and separate school boards and, realizing that the strike was hurting the students more than anyone else, they decided to return to work as a "voluntary" basis.



Carl Saariman

They have warned, however, that if their demands aren't met by the spring they'll be voting for another strike.

"The students are being short-changed," says Saariman. "By the very fact that the school boards aren't paying coaches, they are devaluing sports in the school curriculum. If they want to provide the best possible program and the best possible coaches, then they will have to pay the coaches."

CANADA REPORT

The victims of poor sport? They're athletes, coaches, administrators and anyone in Canada who in the past year hasn't felt the exhilaration of running a hundred feet

SASKATCHEWAN



Gail Duley

A new year in Saskatchewan gymnastic coach Chuck Selwyn lost two of his best pupils—Gail Duley, a member of the 1984 Canadian Olympic team who was then trained as "the best gymnast Canada ever produced," and Irene Haworth, a Canadian champion and U.S. collegiate champion in 1985. Selwyn, a feminist in Saskatchewan, had coached the girls as juniors but now they needed more advanced training and there was no one in Saskatchewan to give it to them.

Saskatchewan University offered the girls athletic scholarships and security they accepted. "At home we got better coaching, the best in facilities and some financial help," says Duley, who came back to Canada after the finished university and is now teaching physical education at the University of Saskatchewan.

Selwyn's daughter, Scherby's daughter, Selwyn, 18 and a former junior gymnastic champion, has decided not to go away to an American university, which is not so well known, sometimes the athletes who leave don't come back. Gail Duley now lives in Montreal, New Jersey, where the teacher gymnast and coaches a university team.

MANITOBA

Jim Daly is 43 and has been an athletic administrator for 25 years. "After I stopped competing in track and field, helping in sport became my hobby." That changed when

Daly became executive director of the 1987 Pan-American Games in Winnipeg. Since then he's been social assistant to the director of the school of physical education at the University of Manitoba.

Daly can testify to the reward in sport that can be generated by building facilities. So many people began to use the Pan-Am pool that the 1987 games, he says, that the city built another Olympic pool in the other end of Winnipeg. The volunteers



Jim Daly

don't open in the winter, yet the number of cyclists using it has increased since the games from not more than 30 to 250. And during a two-week period in the spring of 1970 more than 15,000 Winnipeg residents competed on the university's Pan-Am track.

"I think there's been too much emphasis on winning and on athletic performance, and those who have not done so well need to think there is no place for them in sport," says Daly. "We spend a lot of time building enthusiasm among young people and then we seem to make one of the mistakes, as they get older we lose their support."

ONTARIO

Beverly Scott won two gold medals for diving at the 1970 Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh and is considered a good bet to win an Olympic medal in March in 1972.

Three years ago Beverly was 16 and living with her family in Ottawa (about 40



Dorothy Davis

ries from Toronto. She was training for the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, and for almost a year she and her coach, Don Walsh, had to travel to Montreal every other weekend (round trip about \$600 miles) so she could practice diving from an Olympic-sized tower. They traveled by car and sometimes by plane, and the total — \$4,900 — was shared by her parents and the Ontario Aquatic Club.

Last September Dorothy and four other girls from the Ontario club moved to Winnipeg so that they could train in the pool built for the 1967 Pan-American Games. "I'll admit I won't very happily about the idea at first," she says, "but it's cheaper and less exhausting than weekend commuting. I think there are a lot of kids who just give up because the right pools are too hard to get to and the coach too great for their parents." □

ers in Quebec. Last year there were 52,000. Next year the federations expect its membership to reach 70,000.

There's just one problem: Quebec has very few baseball diamonds. In Quebec City, where the number of players in the junior league has grown in two years from 600 to 2,000, there are only two adequate baseball parks. In Three Rivers, which is establishing a semiprofessional team this year, four new ball parks have been built recently but aren't equipped with lights. And in Montreal, where there were 250 teams playing in 25 ball fields two years ago, there are now 660 teams using exactly the same facilities.

"We're looking to the provincial government for help," says Nolin. "By the time we start building new facilities we're going to have 100,000 kids requesting for a ball park to play in." □

NEW BRUNSWICK



Douglas Tibbels

Five years ago Douglas Tibbels, a physical-education teacher at Sunbury West Junior High School in Sunbury County, New Brunswick, was asked by some of the school's graduates if he would help them start a volleyball team and let them practice in the school's gym after classes. Tibbels, a volleyball enthusiast himself, agreed and last year the junior Panolas (that's what the team calls itself) placed third in the Canadian volleyball championships at Calgary. The junior and senior Panolas have been Maritime champions for the past two years.

Most of the 23 boys on the Panolas came from Foudrington Junction, popu-

lation 1,500, and the neighbouring village of Tracy. Except for a federal grant paying half the cost of their transportation to the national championships last year and a \$600 provincial grant for operating expenses, they have been self-supporting — lotteries, hole sales, dances and they pay taxes too.

"You have to be creative to survive in New Brunswick," says Dr. John Mearns, director of the school of physical education at the University of New Brunswick. "There are several flourishing sports programs in the province, but every one of them has involved tremendous sacrifice. The Panolas are a good example. It's harder to point to successful amateur athletes, because those who are doing well leave. Beyond a certain level there's no compensation." □

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In 1962, senior Squawes was Canadian down championships, but although he's continued to throw the discs and the hammer since then he's never surpassed his 1962 performance. He's 30 years old now and a high-school vice-principal in Montserrat, Prince Edward Island, and this year he has decided reluctantly to retire from competitive sport.

"To continue without a proper coach was like beating my head against a wall," he says. "There is just no coach you can be by yourself. There's a point at which you need someone else to observe and encourage you and lend you on the last peaks of your technique."

Squawes didn't have to retire, of course. He could



Robert Seymour

have moved to Saskatchewan, which is where the best discs coach in Canada happens to live. But I'm married and I have a house and I'm established in the community here. I had to weigh these things against going on any further at sport." □

NOVA SCOTIA



Pieterman Schofield

Last year Pieterman Schofield, a 17-year-old Nova Scotia high-school student, and his school basketball team to victory in the Maristons contest juvenile championships and was considered one of the most promising young players in the country. This year, he's a privileged academic student at his first year at Acadia University and he is sitting on the bench. "I'm afraid my game is nowhere near that of these American boys as yet," he says.

Some of the Americans Schofield refers to are at Acadia on Maristons scholarships. They were recruited by the university's basketball coach and director of physical education, Gilbert Chapman (also an American) because — and only because — they're good basketball players and Acadia wants a winning team. Importing athletes on scholarships is more common in the Maristons than it is elsewhere in Canada, and there's no questioning with it if you agree that the purpose of a university sports program is to build winning teams.

"Last year there was a good deal of interest about the number of American — coaches and players — in the athletic program," says Dave Chow, editor of Acadia's student newspaper, *The Athlete*. "Now it's died down, it-

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QUEBEC



Jean Robert Nolin

When Montreal got a major-league baseball franchise in 1969, Jean Robert Nolin, founder of the *Fédération de Baseball Amateur* de Québec, was delighted. But even Nolin was surprised at what happened. In 1966 there were 12,000 amateur baseball play-

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though there are still almost as many Americans, and I think the reason is that this year the Americans — that's the name of this basketball team — are winning."

"I think I'll make the team someday," says Schofield. "But I still need time to come up to you and I'm afraid that puts me for a lot of other Canadian basketball players too." □

NEWFOUNDLAND



Art Perrett

When one or the other artificial ice rink in St. John's, Newfoundland, was damaged by fire in January, it was a disaster to Bill Perrett. A 48-year-old teacher of forest technology at St. John's College of Trades, Perrett is vice-president of the St. John's Minor Hockey Association and has biggest problems in ice time.

"We have over 2,000 boys playing at 102 rinks," says Perrett. "But we had ice for at least 2,000 years. Finally, without more ice time, a lot of kids just aren't going to get the hockey they deserve to play hockey. We have to be so selective that we can pick only the boys who appear to be the best."

In 1969 the provincial government gave Perrett a report on sport time. Hiram Meeker, who was the pride of Newfoundland as a great professional hockey player with the Toronto Maple Leafs in the early 1960s. Among Meeker's recommendations was one urging the government to build more artificial ice rinks. So far the government hasn't responded, and Meeker worries that Perrett is that among the 2,000 boys for whom he can't get ice there could be — but now wouldn't be — another Hiram Meeker. □

"Stop preaching about sport's moral values. Sport, after all, isn't Lent. It's pleasure of the flesh." A summation by Bruce Kidd

Sociologist Peter Berger distinguishes the Old Left from the New Left in terms of attitude. "The Old Left were postmaterial, highly disciplined and violent," he says. "The New Left are basically hedonistic, individualistic and peace loving."

Berger's insight is important in understanding the problem of Canadian sport. Most Canadians want to enjoy life, but the image of Canadian sport — sponsored by such institutions as SNK and the National Hockey League and reinforced by personal experience — is happily perverted, madly self-indulgent, and sensuously violent.

Talk about sport to any group of young people today and you'll get a negative response. They aren't interested in the professional athlete, presented to them as either a superhuman designed in a battle that has all the complexities of a monkey play or as a ill-mannered delinquent who must be closely watched by coaches and league directors. School sport means compulsory lacrosse, uniforms, regulations, monotonous routines.

What boy today wants to have his hand to play football? And yet for too many are ordered to do so. Sport in the school means pay rules and championships, and while uncritical camp-following may be a favorite activity for many adults (remember the Ceylon sentence?) it's just as appealing for many youngsters. "I'm embarrassed to stand up and scream for my school at a game," says a student at Brandon College. "It's not that I don't want the players to win, but it's so silly to think the reputation of the university is at stake."

What hurts most about the disenchantment of the young is the knowledge that sport doesn't have to be the way it is. It doesn't have to be so extremely competitive that all but the most skilled are discouraged from playing.

(Why can't there be as many hockey leagues for men over 30 as for boys under 10?) It doesn't have to be so unreasonably aggressive that all but those few natural athletes with a superabundance of male hormones shrink from the playing field. There is a difference between body contact and physical violence, commercial hockey notwithstanding. There are other forms of competition. The most publicized struggle in sport is complete against competitor, yet in many sports the greater challenge is between man, his own physical limitations and the environment. Living is never more satisfying than winning, but there's always satisfaction in a well-earned performance, particularly if both winner and loser do better than they expected. Sport should be play, not work, undertaken partly for enjoyment and self-fulfillment and conditioned under rules designed and modified by the participants themselves.

We can do more to make sport more enjoyable for Canadians. For starters we should stop preaching about sport's moral values. Sport, after all, isn't Lent. It's pleasure of the flesh. Nobody should be asked to assume capacities, defend, win, and risk before he's allowed to put on a pair of running shoes. Nor is sport a necessary part of the marketplace. The "win at all costs" ethic imposed by such leaders of opinion as Patrick Mitchell and twisted by too many sports-writers has no place in sport.

Elementary school classes should be devoted to developing natural skills, so that in secondary school the physical-education department can operate as a recreation resource centre (helping people rather than telling them what to do) — and providing for the students but for the community as well. Students should be grouped in classes according to interest and ability, not age and sentence grade (one



Toronto experiential showed that students to be personally successful could develop themselves skills when put in a class with students at their own athletic level and taught natural sports such as swimming and swimming). And athletes should be encouraged to participate in more of the demands affecting their play.

As teachers, teachers, parents, and participants, we should see that sport is conducted in a way in which we ourselves would want to take part. If your son comes home from the rink with a black eye inflicted in a fight, don't take him out of the league. Go down to the rink and demand that fighting be stopped. If you'll find that other parents will spring to your aid. If your daughter tells you her school often no restrictions in her chosen sport, find out who. And the next time a politician tells you he's planning to raise taxes to build a new stadium, tell him you want an increase in the parks and recreation budget first.

Sport in Canada has been neglected. We've let it happen. We've been shortchanged, a community without sport is incomplete. Although time is running out, we cannot afford to lose any more McGills — we still have energy and ideas. Many Canadians are waiting for an intelligent invitation to sport. Let's hear them on. □



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VIDEOS

□ It's great to have a college degree—unless you're unemployed and Indian

□ Beware the girl in the grey flannel suit!

□ Quebec, the TV poor and the good old car



BY ROGER JAY

To get a good job,
get an education
they said . . .
and I believed them

I WAS THE GREAT and adventurous youngster of leaving my reservation, the Golden Lake Algonquian reserve in the Ottawa Valley, and venturing out to the city. I was 16, and I was excited. I was going to find a job in a town or city with a reservation nearby. I could not bring myself to believe I was being thwarted because of my race (at almost convinced me I belonged back on the reservation, wallowing in a maelstrom of poverty and discrimination). I arrived in one town of approximately 25,000 population as a Friday. I bought the local paper and scanned the want-ad section, but there was nothing in the type of work I could do. I proceeded to apply at the trade stores, filled in an application and was promptly advised, "No openings, but we'll call you if we need anyone." Next day, Saturday, the local paper had an ad for a sports reporter, but the paper's administrative offices were closed. I stayed over at an Indian home and arrived at the publishing establishment before the usual business hours. I did not mention the ad, but on request I filled out an application for employment. I was then referred to the managing editor. This man asked me what awards and what tribe I belonged to and did I drink? He asked me several questions about my application. My heart sank when he said he had no openings. I didn't know whether I should present him with the ad and tell him he was lying, but I thought better of it and walked out. Later, I encountered from word of the crime that there was a reservation eight miles from town, and "these crazy, drunken Indians" were very unpopular around the area.

Roger Jay, 30, spent four frustrating years looking for a job as a writer in Southern Ontario. He now must choose between working in a Southern mine or returning to the reserve.

potential in head-on series and multi-episode plans, prospective employers would ask, "What? You are a writer? What kind of writer? You wouldn't be applying for a job far from someone who would pay?"

I was fortunate to get four years' experience as a reporter on two daily newspapers, The *North Star* Journal and the *South Star*. Many Daily Star. Little did I realize that these employers would mean little or nothing to potential managers in the future.

I found that out when, after leaving South Star Mine, I spent four weeks job hunting in southern Ontario. When I finally gave up, I was trying to find a job in a town or city with a reservation nearby. I could not bring myself to believe I was being thwarted because of my race (at almost convinced me I belonged back on the reservation, wallowing in a maelstrom of poverty and discrimination).

I arrived in one town of approximately 25,000 population as a Friday. I bought the local paper and scanned the want-ad section, but there was nothing in the type of work I could do. I proceeded to apply at the trade stores, filled in an application and was promptly advised, "No openings, but we'll call you if we need anyone." Next day, Saturday, the local paper had an ad for a sports reporter, but the paper's administrative offices were closed. I stayed over at an Indian home and arrived at the publishing establishment before the usual business hours. I did not mention the ad, but on request I filled out an application for employment. I was then referred to the managing editor. This man asked me what awards and what tribe I belonged to and did I drink? He asked me several questions about my application. My heart sank when he said he had no openings. I didn't know whether I should present him with the ad and tell him he was lying, but I thought better of it and walked out. Later, I encountered from word of the crime that there was a reservation eight miles from town, and "these crazy, drunken Indians" were very unpopular around the area.

A few days later, I applied for a newspaper's position in another town. I even made an effort to hire me as a proofreader. To make a good impression I outlined my previous experience and my background to the personnel manager, but after interviewing me there were no openings he continued me with. "Yes, being Indian, you could have a tough time around these parts. The Indians cover the highway and a bunch of troublemakers, and that's not too good for any business."

There are many stars in the sky. Some shine brighter than others. There are many Indians in Canada. Some are on a level of physical equality with business of other cities. I respect individuals, not judge an inferior people as totally unemployable, then we must tolerate a world of inequality and hatred.

I would prefer to give up my own living rather than go back to the reservation to be classified as a ward of the government, to be subsidised by government funds — welfare and tuition to you — for an indefinite period. I had planned to move to the city to escape the reservation. I was not to acquire an education. Time and again, I have heard "Why does the government have to support the Indians? It's not his money and they use it any way they please, mostly for booze." I've studied your skin and living under reservation conditions, and I've seen you'll enjoy the financial situation, but I guarantee you will not appreciate your situation when you find a job. If you're not, you're not long enough to go out and search for one.

I'm not trying to convince anyone that every Indian will become self-sufficient if given the chance, only that I believe responsible Indians, if given the chance, can and would do something for their unfortunate brothers. I have handled one business — tobacco. "To get a good job, get a good education" — that's what they say, and I believed them. I may be deprived of a good job, but nobody can ever take my education away from me. That is one thing that is no longer an impossible barrier. □

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BY HEATHER HILDEBRANDT

Sorry, sisters, Women's Lib only trades one tyranny for another

It is inevitably obvious that the main result of women's liberation will be our incorporation, as usual, into the labor force. All women will be required to work for a living, financial and social pressure on those who prefer not to will thrust them into at least a token job. Thus we will simply find ourselves existing on economic systems (but less so) in Class and the Soviet Union for several generations. For young women such as myself who already have worked, without time off for children, there is no point or age of retirement and demeritism around the corner. We will continue to work whether we money or not, whether we have children or not. We will work to maintain the high standard of living we can no longer do without. Even if our husbands become wealthy, we will continue to work because we have grown accustomed to it, our eyes are bound up with it and we are intolerant of economic.

The rhetoric of Women's Lib simply misstates the fact that women have been pouring into the labor force despite poor wages, discrimination and family responsibilities. Now, women can place pressure on government and business for a better deal,

Heather Hildebrandt is an interviewer and emcee for 24 hours, a CBC-TV public affairs program in Winnipeg. She is married but has no children.

and if we are successful we will earn equal pay for equal work and will find forbidden occupations open to us. Refusal to abortion and contraception laws, marriage and day-care centers for children will remove extra burdens and legitimize our place in the wage economy.

But is this liberty? For women who have to work because they are alone, it is a relief, for those who work for pleasure or profit, it is pleasant to compete on equal grounds for equal reward. It is not liberty.

Women's Lib, in its effort to free us from the financial and psychological bondage of domesticity, is ending up as a bursary for some painful and tedious. We will be the women in the grey flannel coats. All those old "office" jokes that Bill Playbey, the boomer and the ball, puns filled with stupidity — all these will be seen.

Betty Friedan, forerunner in the movement, was urging suburban housewives in the early 1960s to get a job — any job. A lot of them followed her advice and ended up firing their husbands for \$250 a month, plucking children in a pushing house or answering a telephone in a polite voice. Now the call is to get out of those jobs into more interesting work with better pay — but it is still work.

Leaders of Women's Lib have their own particular reasons for promoting the movement. Most of them are single or divorced with children to support and their jobs are of minimal importance to them. Although a few come on strong about how they hate men, abuse marriage and enjoy independence, it is a delusion possible only in a capitalist society as unique that they are "free." In fact, they are as helplessly dependent on their jobs as other women are on their husbands.

The majority of women, of course, have not been fooled. Nowhere is resistance to liberation more committed than among the very group Betty Friedan wanted to free — the middle-class, sticky-neck mothers of 2.4 children. They are fighting back. Awake from going and slaving, their greatest weapon is apathy.

In a sense, the position of the middle-class woman is a privilege most of us take for granted. Millions of men work hard to make the lives of housewives easier. Schools and community clubs take care of children most of the day. Cooking can be speeded or eased to an art. The housewife has time to play golf, watch TV, read a book or drink herself from boredom to bliss. The possibilities of this kind of life are so great that it is impossible not to

feel an overwhelming nostalgia for it.

But today, the cry of the gentlewoman is just Working women and Women's Liberationists vent their hatred for housewives — a hatred that is really envy of their freedom and dignity that they have blown it. The failure of the housewife does not come from lack of work but rather from her perverse values and an appalling lack of imagination.

The great social drive to get more and more women into the working force is leaving less time for the responsibilities of a family. In fact, for the first time in history women are declining gratuity about getting pregnant. Men, particularly those who are enjoying their wives' income, admit it's nice to share the work load. No longer will a man have to support two people; his wife will pay her own way. No longer will he endure a dreadful job or tolerate a wretched marriage out of financial responsibility, he will be free of the emotional sterility, the over-achieving that the feminine mystique taught him. Most of all he will be free of his greatest burden — children. No longer will he have to support so many children as his wife chooses, since the right to have children is one of the first prerogatives working women are going to lose — and are losing now.

Abortion and the Pill have given women more freedom to pause outside the house. Women are willing to work even harder (combining house and office duties) to enjoy a higher standard of living. Freed from the house, they can now find other beautiful clothes, elegant homes and trips abroad. The escalation of desire is endless. Soon we will find ourselves sharing the weekend with our husbands. Once a woman starts working, the family will find it impossible to live without her salary.

Now, when men are beginning to doubt the value of the corporate system for which they toil, women are rushing to embrace it. We don't seem to have much of an idea what we're getting into, and there's no way back. Surely the implication of a genuine women's liberation movement is a complete and devastating criticism of the society that enslaved women in the first place. That critique is not being made. Only a few happen and radical societies dare to suggest that the greater pursuit of infinity in economic production is not the aim of all human life and that consumption is not its greatest reward.

Lead us into Egypt if you will, sister, but don't make us wage slaves to the promised land. □

Continued on page 16



GILBEY'S

BV

BLACK VELVET



One of the finest Canadian whiskeys this country has ever tasted.



BY ERIC LEHOUCQ

Why urban man's best friend is still the car

FROM CITY TO CITY the word is spreading: "Ban the car before it does us all in." No more cars. Ah, what visions of urban tranquility.

Ah, what sentimental drivel. To end cars from a city to end traffic congestion would be like using a guillotine to toast a hard cold. Curiously, we've got to learn better ways of living with them, but what we don't need is emotional solutions that would be far worse than the problem. For one matter what the car's detractors might passionately want to believe, there isn't anything to take its place.

Nor is it really the evil monster we so convincingly portray. The public representations of our beast in steel, as bad as it has been based on rather silly projections of the trend to use one and then two cars per family that show it continuing unbroken until there are far more cars than people.

The notorious smog problem has been solved to the point where the car's contribution to air pollution wouldn't change much if today's models were totally emission-free. The real danger is caused by the old industries that were made before cars and started being upped five years ago. Now cars are about 80% "clean" now, and with further improvements — low-loaded gasoline, new auto-

ties and special mufflers — they will be more than 90% clean by 1975.

Actually, the car has never departed as reflection in No. 1 Pollution. Car emissions cause less than 10% of the toxic pollution in our air. Sulfur dioxide and particulates from other sources are far more serious health hazards. There's now scientific evidence that the great bulk of the sulfur content in rainwater is produced and dispersed by natural processes.

The dependence with the internal combustion engine has spawned a wave of interest in other power sources. Several entrepreneurs have spent fortunes trying to invent the steam car, only to learn that without "breakthroughs" beyond the capability of our present technology it can't compete. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been poured into the gas turbine, only to prove that, in a car engine, it would be expensive and inefficient, would require frequent costly servicing with an unobtainable level of maintenance technology and would still present some serious problems. Then there's the "pulsation-free" electric car. It's a performance wonder — a top speed of about 40 mph and a range of about 100 miles, after which you'd have to recharge the car's batteries for several hours. Then, consider these facts: the electric engine would produce small amounts of ozone that could cause serious health problems if the cars were operated in great numbers on our city streets. With its smoggy character and vast nitrogen oxide waste it is now being described as "the ultimate pollution."

Since the car makers are gambling on the internal combustion engine, let's ask what it has going for it. It's simple and relatively inexpensive to make, runs cheaply, is easy to cool and lubricate, controls easily and is efficient for a wide range of speeds and loads. Anything that's going to replace it is going to have to surpass it on these points and more, because the public simply won't pay a premium of cost or inconvenience.

So much for the myths about "batteries" engines. Now what about those irritating dreams of pneumatic tires that when inflated people along at 500 mph, and moving sidewalks, and everyone zooming along in personal anti-gravity machines — with cars long since having been banished to museums? Within a city, the people's horrendous acceleration and braking would be like a moon rocket taking off and landing at every stop. Its fantastic cost will keep it a pipe-dream even for intercity travel until

you and I are long gone. Moving sidewalks had their heyday around the end of the last century. And how many people do you know who'd be brave enough to go any distance up in the air with the mere support of a backpack of rockets?

Coming down to earth, when the General Research Corporation of Santa Barbara investigated past, present and future urban transportation methods for the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (the most extensive study of its kind ever attempted) one of its conclusions was that urban travel is just too complex for any known or planned alternative to private automobiles on streets and freeways. The one alternative it did favor was to our mass transportation systems (they proved that subways and buses are technologically obsolete), a "sideline" that would propel mass-buses and cars through our central city areas at controlled high speeds but with emergency-style freedom to enter and leave it.

If we're taking suburban then, and not really what we'd like to see, we'll be driving cars in the next 10 to 20 years that won't be much different from what we've got right now. The main changes will be in equipment, such as computers to warn of breakdowns, to run the motor and control roadways, and perhaps to act on traffic. They'll be much more luxurious, with sophisticated ventilation systems, telephone, rest-room and maybe even wireless. And they'll have music, books and study replaceable parts.

Some city streets may be closed to make pedestrian malls, but unless we want our cities to die we'll keep the rest of them open to cars. For it is an undeniable fact that if people can't drive where they want to go, they generally won't switch to other means of transportation — they'll go where they can drive. As for better access to more open lands and parking on-street with reduced supervision — putting pedestrian underground in climate-protected malls, as they've done in downtown Montreal, or saving them on elevated walkways.

If we could only discard our home-and-happy thinking about city designs and get over our more generous about the car, we might discover that there are exciting new ways in which we could shape our cities to its inevitable presence. And then perhaps we'd also finally feel free to admit just how handy that durable expensive virtue symbol, restlessness, personality, reflection, extension of the fast and mobile coach is to have around. □

Continued on page 18

84% come again*



Québec is U.N.I.Q.U.E.

* 84% of our American winter guests come back at least once.
* From May 1976
Marketing Research Report 1154-03



84% of Québec's winter guests come back at least once.*

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401

Eric Lehoucq is a Toronto freelance writer and public relations man. He is currently writing a book on urban development.



The Quebec crisis has passed—or has it?

Felix Dubucard's *Canada Report* Quebec Winter (January) begins the usual. Where is this man coming from — Florida, South Africa? The social and economic leadership of Quebec wants to create a society fit for man to live in. The authorities of Quebec, led by government Jacques Parizeau, has finally understood that as long as the Adams Smith mechanism in Quebec remains in control, Quebec is condemned to continue to endure as poorest social life. As a preliminary preventive measure, the government of Quebec two years ago launched a crash program to turn out professional engineers in the numbers required to operate an independent economy yielding a truly high standard of living. The very existence of these Parizeau-style professional engineers renders inevitable the take-over of business, economic and cultural leadership from the present ruling Anglo-Saxon elite. Since only a planned monetary can cure Quebec and since the needs and competencies of Quebec are different from those of other parts of Canada, Quebec's economic leaders must have full control of their own monetary issues to ensure the realization of optimum economic and social welfare. This will inevitably lead to full sovereignty for the state of Quebec.

MICHAEL, CAMBLY, UNIVERSITY OF QUEBEC, A MONTREAL, QUE.

• Why was Felix Dubucard selected to write the *Canada Report* on the Quebec crisis? Does he live in an all-French-speaking neighborhood where he can keep his ear to the wall, or is he using his/her's as a defense for pure political reasons?

W. R. COMLEY, WILSON, QUE.

• Almost every article I have read recently includes interviews with French Canadian Quebecers, as did your *Canada Report*. I would like to see an article

somehow that includes an interview with a Quebecer whose mother speaks in English but who speaks French — and there are thousands of us. If we can stop looking at each other as second-class citizens and start considering each other as kindred and competitors, then we will have made the first great step toward nation in French, FORTÉ CLARE, QUE.

• Congratulations to Joe Lerner on his dispassionate comments on the FEQ crisis. He expresses the feelings of forward-thinking Quebecers who have the interests of the province at heart.

• Canada needs more Trudeau and fewer Carons to remain a great country. LEONARD STEINBERG, MARKHAM, ONT.

• I was angry after reading the opinions of Norman Corbin. His complete abandonment to the leftists of the FEQ have no place in the economic legislation I am understanding, independent and market I cannot.

ALAN S. HARRIS, NEW RICHMOND, QUE.

Pity the bears

James Peak, in his reference to the "Apostrophe" report, *Dear Old Japan* Park Is Pumping Out Grub (see *The Stranger* January), lost a golden opportunity to strike a blow for rationality in National Parks airport policy. It is almost beyond belief that the National Parks administration will soon close the Banff and Jasper airports. The only coherent reason which has been given to the airport users is "Aerospace traffic in the wildlife, as we must close them." Incredible when one compares the noise of several hundred and thousands, affecting perhaps four or five square miles for each, heavy and transport trucks their constant threatened against noise served by park roads and highways.

BOB MCDONALD, NEW BRUNSWICK, N.B.

Where the viewing is easy—in a one-channel town

Douglas Marshall wrote *Pity The Poor Canadian As A Two-Channel Town — We Got A Lot To Learn (January)*. Pity the poor Canadian living in Montreal, Montreal (population approx. 35,000) with only one channel!

WILL S. MILLER, MONTREAL, QUE.

• In this two-channel town, we receive 30 low-buffet movies a week on the national networks. The low channel that we would make a special effort to use are thought without regard for public taste and intelligence. How often was *My Policeman* the mother's speech

to the movement. The *Movie Man* showed one real twist. Dr. Strangelove had 10 minutes of a war room scene removed and returned at the end of the movie — after the world is destroyed. CBC this week. Eleven new movies this year have been left late in the last five years.

BOB KORTHEIMER, OSHAWA

• In some Canadian cities, viewers must rely on a single private TV station for Canadian programs. On Friday evenings in Kingston no cable too far, or Andy Williams, or the *Forrest* boys. Since they are not available, don't assume that CBC-affiliated stations broadcast the complete CBC programming. Even the best shows are often omitted or cut-off without explanation. Let's hope that CBC and CTV shows will soon be available to all Canadian viewers.

RONALD WALTER, KENTVILLE, ONT.



Passing the buck

I wonder how much the NDP party paid *Monitors* to publish *New Montreal* (February 1985) by *Shirley On Its Head* (December).

JAMES O. BARNES, WINDSOR

• The royal tour in Manitoba was not assisted by a failure of protocol as Douglas Marshall says. The fact that Dave Couchois voiced some of the criticisms of our own people is something that all Canadians would be wise to listen to — including the Couchois.

ROBERT LEMME, WINNIPEG, MB.

• Douglas Marshall's article on Manitoba's Couchois was honest, sympathetic and very much informative. This anything I have read recently — anywhere.

JAMES LYNN, NEW BRUNSWICK, N.B.

• With regard to Mr. Armstrong's article on the *Monitors*, *The Observer* (see *Monitors*), it is a well-known fact that the *Monitors* is the head of state of several countries but it is in his capacity

continued on page 20

Last year, Nicky K., age three, drank a bottle of furniture polish. A telephone number saved his life.



The number belonged to a poison control center 135 miles away.

But what if Nicky's parents didn't know it existed?

What if they had had to waste precious minutes frantically searching through phone books before they could even attempt to reach it?

And what if they needed something more than advice over the telephone—like a

doctor or ambulance?

At Metropolitan Life, we are working to keep all those "what if's" from becoming "if only's."

In many communities, we're distributing emergency kits with lists of numbers that can make the difference between life and death.

It's part of a 44-year-long effort on our part to show people how to avoid emergen-

cies, and how to handle those that are unavoidable.

Because accidents will happen.

And when they do, what people don't know can hurt them.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance. But our business is life.

ity in Queens of Canada (that Queens is not the only place that the book part at the Multicultural Museum).

M. L. MCKENZIE, KITCHEN

■ I am a very poor Maclean's and appreciate all the space given to me in the December issue.

MRS. A. VOYE, WINNIPEG

Gourmand's gamble

As professional dietitians we take strong exception to Dr. R. W. Shephard's article *Does the Dietician (Dis)count?* We believe dietitians represent, amongst all the professions of a society preoccupied with food, one of the most responsible of ensuring the control needed for a balanced diet and good health. Our role, as professional dietitians and nutritionists, is to try to educate the public to their nutritional needs — not by "fud" dieting, if by unscientific self-consumption and misconceptions, but by understanding how scientific nutritional practices can help them to better health.

MAURITIE VAY, SECRETARY, CANADIAN DIETETIC ASSOCIATION, MONROVIA

■ What Dr. Shephard advises, in effect, is institutional Russian roulette — eating whatever you want to. We are digging our graves with our teeth and when they are gone we have been told to think the job.

A. O. O'BRIEN, KENNEL, QUE.

■ Cut it out, Maclean's and Don Shephard! Maclean's begins to imagine us when its authors adopt certain forms of thought. Eating was one of them. You are talking gibberish, are you not?

FRANK GILLES, TORONTO

■ As a housewife and mother I refuse to be harassed with eating synthetic foods — instead I choose natural foods. But Maclean's Nation has provided for me for hundreds of years.

MISS JULIETTE HOLMES, WHEATHEW, ONT.

The apathetic majority: Students

Also English's article, *All I Read To Do Was Make My Island A Better Place* (November), gives the impression that all but skilled students are victims of apathy and repression by teachers and principals. But all students aren't apathetic and not all of them know exactly what they want. I share English's concerns about apathy such as pollution, the war, drugs and overpopulation but in my high school of more than 1,500 students there are fewer than a dozen who are concerned enough to say or do anything about these issues. I was pro-

foundly the editor of our school newspaper. However I resigned — not because of battles from the administration — but because of a disinterested student body. It was criticized by them for bringing forth issues that should concern all students. We already have many of the privileges that English was working for. We have a student council that is respected by administrative officials and a consistent list of students that meets with the principal to discuss student affairs. Unfortunately few students attend council meetings. We have a student paper which is respected but few students will write for it. Students say that school wasn't better in 1960, but when given a chance, they don't have anything to say. The apathetic majority really exists in our high schools.

JAN PARKER, PORT CHARLOTTE, ONT.



Giving Earth a chance

In an otherwise excellent article, *24 Ways To Make Your World A Better Place* (November), Marjorie Harris says that anti-political converts should be given a copy of the *Environmental Good Book*. Better still, give them a copy of *Pollution Probe* (New Press, \$1.90), a Canadian book which takes a more in-depth look at ecology and at the specific problems that Canada has in this area.

DAVID WICKA, TORONTO

■ I am not frequently moved to praise the contents of Maclean's but the article on pollution and the way bottle art is worthy of a sincere "well done!"

C. SMITH, MONTREAL

■ I can picture Marjorie Harris smiling at the view! Otherwise how could she possibly have missed putting "stop smoking" on her list?

W. McLAUGHLIN, TORONTO

■ I can think of two more ways to make the world a better place. First is to do something by the pulp and paper industry of the cut and water crowd every one of

its facilities in Canada — not to mention the United States. From the cutting down of trees to make paper on which to print such uninteresting tracts as *24 Ways To Make Your World A Better Place*.

ANTHONY PARKER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

This isn't corn-cob country!

Before readers tune out at the country facts and attempted ideas about Canadians, I'd like to inform them that not all of us go around in dungarees and pull on cowboy hats as Don Robertson, *Vibes* (January), I acknowledge his love of country, but there is a big difference between a great love in one's country and most of its laws. Indeed, somewhere between the surface and the surface, broadcasting that Leggett has accepted is

MARGARET BRUCE-MARSH, VICTORIA

All about us

I have read Maclean's for six years, watching the many changes in editorial format and concept. Perhaps the *Blue Front* era was Maclean's finest hour. But now, inside the magazine, there is a new force stirring — and it is good, underdeveloped Canadian. Many Maclean's have many dreams of success in the years to come.

J. R. MARLEY, DON MILLS, ONT.

■ The articles in Maclean's are now too "far out" to benefit the average Canadian.

C. P. GONWILL, REGINA

■ Your magazine is so damn good, so readable, in Canada, that I can hardly read it.

JAMES BERRY, WINNIPEG

■ Your magazine is nothing but a happy paper.

JOHN KILLICK, WINNIPEG

■ I find Maclean's a very Canadian magazine, dealing with issues of real importance to Canada in a nation.

ROBERT HOWSE, CARIBOU, ALB.

■ I cannot believe how neo-American your magazine is. Both articles in *How To Live Your Best To America Without Getting Bored* (August) and *The End Was Your Land* (October) are shameless imitations of the Canadian-American relations. Yet, at the most advanced country in the world, we influence spreads all over, and we do have many problems — Vietnam, Sept. 11th, etc. — but somehow it was Maclean's that had occupation goals in the streets.

MARCH LARK, PLEASANT, NY

continued on page 22

Sometimes
the world can
seem too big and
wide and lonely
for someone you love

...bring it warm
and close again
with
Long Distance...
the next best thing
to being there.

See your phone book for typical low night and Sunday rates.



Bell Canada

They're Changing The Guard At City Hall

REFORM MOVEMENTS usually come and go at city halls much like those troops of those days always being welcomed in the mayor's office. The reformers begin with a police of last protest, then tend to slide into an elected political gadfly to the right and finish by walking with the Establishment. However, in Toronto a reform coalition is taking shape that for once seems determined to win power on its own uncompromising terms. This group is young, tough-minded and obviously radical. Its strength is rooted in social community organizations at the ward level. And while so far it has tapped only moral victories — and produced few of them — its confrontation tactics are beginning to have the old-guard politicians reeled.

On specific issues, the reform

crane can pick up the support of its many as twelve aldermen to the city's 25-men council. But the radical threat of the movement comes from Aldermen Karl Jeffery, 34, and Felix Sewell, 33. They make an odd couple. Sewell, middle-aged, drooping toward portliness, cradles for his convictions with evangelical zeal. Jeffery, samey and Surin Sewell, is much more cautious about what he says and does. Yet there are striking similarities in their basic goals and social philosophies. Both are lawyers. Both are newcomers to council. Both represent Ward 7, which contains the polling section of the city core called CollegeGreen. On mixed housing last year, Jeffery and Sewell were newcomers to council. Both represent Ward 7, which contains the polling section of the city core called CollegeGreen. On mixed housing last year, Jeffery and Sewell were newcomers to council.

Both were leaders of active and aggressive citizens' associations before graduating to City Hall. And both are out at the belief that the people who elected them should have some say in how their city is being run. Jeffery, a veteran NDP supporter, was drawn into city politics after he bought a renovated house in the Don Vale section of the ward and then discovered the district was scheduled for urban renewal. He didn't like the way the scheme was being pushed through without adequate consultation with the local residents. He and others formed what is now the Don Vale Association of Homeowners and Residents with Jeffery as president, and the group began to make noisy noises.

"At a good meeting we'd have 300 people or more,"

the took a cool and calm, the mind sharp and radical. Karl Jeffery puts his best up to thrust out local problems.

seals Jeffery. "We succeeded in getting city council to set up a working committee with Don Vale residents. The planners sat down at block meetings to discover what the people wanted. Eventually we evolved a new urban-renewal scheme that provided financing for people who wanted to fix up their houses. Council approved the plan but the federal government couldn't accept it. At the end we nicely talked the city into taking Don Vale off the urban-renewal schedule." During that fight, one incident occurred that did more than anything else to turn Jeffery into an urban radical. It involved one of his neighbors, Albert Ferber, a station-

ary employee in his 60s who has difficulty reading and writing English. Ferber was told a city inspector for a social surveyor the residents' association had wanted people to avoid, and refused to let the worker in. The trouble was Ferber had just repaired the front of his house. The assessment department assumed from the fact Ferber's name house had been surveyed — as had seven of the other 10 houses on the row — and increased his assessment to about \$7,000 from approximately \$2,000. The residents paid a small amount of about \$300 to Ferber's taxes.

"What bugged me," says Jeffery, "was that the politicians agreed it had all been a terrible mistake yet refused to change the assessment. We had taken the issue before a county court and won a judgment. Instead of giving in, the city appealed the decision before the Ontario Municipal Board. We won there, too, but it all left a lot of us convinced that we couldn't get through to the politicians, and that City Hall really was out to screw the people."

Meanwhile, Sewell, a politically independent community organizer, had been helping to win a similar urban-renewal battle in another part of the ward, Trillium Court. "In Trillium we forced a reciprocal of urban renewal," says Sewell. "The city said, 'We think we established the point that a municipality shouldn't tear down people's houses without giving adequate compensation or without consulting the people about what sort of redevelopment would go up.'"

Sewell now is trying to make the same point, this time by getting a private law on behalf of a 100-member CollegeGreen organization called the South of St. James Town Tenant Union. The tenants, who are mostly low-income immigrants, organized themselves after the past Mendham Group of developers served eviction notices on residents in many of the 125 houses it owns in the area. Mendham built the \$599-unit (1,674 of them public housing) St. James Town high-rise complex, and plans to extend the project

further south. Aldermen Sewell intervened and wound up an interim chief for 21 of the houses. Mendham wanted to demolish rather than bring up to the city's minimum housing standard. The Sewell-Mendham deal eliminated the middlemen who, when complained, had been charging exorbitant fees. Now the tenants pay Sewell who pays Mendham.

"The tenants are taking the houses up and managing the whole thing on their own," says Sewell. "Renters have been cut by about one-third. Amazingly, the houses are shabby and should come down anyway. What we have now is a lot to try to get Mendham to produce a better development for himself living — perhaps closely packed low-rise buildings and only one tower. I'd support the rezoning application that would require Mendham to provide 10,000 residents — to discuss pollution from a local university. The organization has been dropping up all over Toronto. Under a new code of well-served middle-class leaders, old associations have been reorganized and new groups have formed to deal with human issues from a nearby cancer hospital. The crowd was on a pretty ugly road by the time I explained why their idea for an alternative was so terrible. The site they proposed was just as close to their houses."

Despite such setbacks, however, Jeffery and Sewell are convinced that strong ward organizations are essential. They even urge that some groups should be supported by public grants. "Because of the situation from below," says Jeffery, "after the 1992 city elections, certainly by 1995, there'll be a reform majority on council." And what will the reformers do then? Fight, they say, for a fence bar deal from the provincial and federal governments. Add Sewell. "Can't you imagine turning 20 water off in Queen's Park or a department 1,000 people led by the mayor going up to Ottawa? The people can regain control of the city."



THUNDERBOLT BOAT ME John Sewell: War He Hasn



Okay, So You Ban The Car... How Do You Get Around?

Gerald Robinson is an architect, a city planner and a man who rides a bike. He is a bicycle rider as part because, as an architect and city planner, he has seen what the automobile can do to the city core, and in part because "this is by far the fastest way to get around downtown."

It is a supreme irony that, as cars become bigger, faster and more powerful, traffic slows down, the crush of cars in urban like Toronto produces a slowly solidifying snarl. And it is a bitter paradox that, as gasoline becomes more and more refined, the accumulation of fumes in the canyon formed by towering downtown buildings becomes more stifling — and more hazardous — with every passing day.

Robinson, a member of Toronto's Urban Planning Board, thinks the time has come — indeed, a past due — when the trend to bigger, faster cars coming through slower, snarlier traffic jams was halted and reversed. He argues that to continue to add to the private automobile as the primary mode of urban transportation "will lead to a breakdown of the city and of the economy because of growing costs in terms of exhaustion, frustration, loss of time and pollution." And in rejecting the car, Robinson traces its self-proclaimed and growing complicity.

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One way to travel in a carless city core would be on a bicycle, says architect Gerald Robinson, who rides one

Metropolitan Toronto, like some differing colonies, is pondering a momentous decision, to capitulate to the car or begin the painful process of leaving it out of the city's core core. The issue on which this turns is the Stop Spadina Expressway, a proposal to place a six-lane highway and an accompanying rapid-transit line into the heart of the city at a cost expected to reach \$125 million. The expressway part of the project has created bitter divisions between the city and its suburban partners in Metro and generated more vociferous opposition by urbanites than any previous urban scheme in Canada's history. Because of the controversy, construction of the expressway has remained frozen at the outskirts of the city group ever mid-1968.

The arguments involved are complex, but the central point is that if the Spadina Expressway is built, it will mean the implementation of Metro Toronto's master transportation plan will follow almost as a matter of necessity. That means Toronto, confronted by a concrete web of 10 expressways, will wind up looking a lot like Los Angeles (Metro roads commissioner New Cass has cited Los Angeles as the ideal model). The politicians and planners backing the Metro plan say that the car is here to stay and that without expressways Toronto's traffic will soon congest into a nightmare.

This view was generally accepted by inner-city residents until one day in 1968 when Barbara Christy, a young woman, expressed to Toronto and opened an apartment on Spadina Avenue. The author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* was so moved by her adopted city "Los Angeles" to the point where "the exhausts have turned the air into a mass, when expressways, interchanges and parking lots occupy some two-thirds of the ground and 'vertical' downtown." Within months she had inspired groups of concerned citizens to mount a Stop Spadina campaign and well as followed that city council

consideration to give further consideration to the project. Metro council, however, was less impressed and decided to proceed with construction. The Stop Spadina forces didn't give up. They raised funds, organized a demonstration, and in January 1969, Robinson, launched a drive to raise \$10,000 for legal costs and took the fight to the Ontario Municipal Board. Hearings began in January and the OB is expected to announce its decision this month.

Expressway opponents hoped the board will order a fundamental re-examination of Metro's prevailing transportation plan. Assuming that happens, what are the feasible alternatives to expressways? How do you stop people driving their cars to work?

One method, obviously, is by prohibitive legislation. Toronto's Bureau of Municipal Research, a nonprofit agency, recently proposed that motorists be charged a toll for using Metro roads during rush hours. At the same time a suggestion that public transit should be free — it would cost each taxpayer an extra \$75 a year — has been widely discussed. But Gerald Robinson doubts whether such carrot-and-stick methods would prove effective.

"We have to come up with a politico-transit system that provides the same door-to-door convenience offered by a car," he says. "Such a system would need two forms of transportation. First, we would need an elaborate network of smaller transit foot-curb-to-curb and sidewalk-to-sidewalk. Something called Tele-car or Tele-bus, that could pick you up at your front door and put you down wherever you want. Secondly, bus-lane transit. This would move large masses of people rapidly between widely separated points — say, the four or five miles from Don Mills to the core. Clearly, subways are more efficient at low housing densities.

Robinson's concepts are not as pie-in-the-sky as they may sound. Experiments with a Dial-A-Bus scheme are under way in Raleigh. The Ontario government is developing a more limited

version to give further consideration to the project. Metro council, however, was less impressed and decided to proceed with construction. The Stop Spadina forces didn't give up. They raised funds, organized a demonstration, and in January 1969, Robinson, launched a drive to raise \$10,000 for legal costs and took the fight to the Ontario Municipal Board. Hearings began in January and the OB is expected to announce its decision this month.

Robinson has a morose tale about the mentality of planners who tend to advocate expressways. "Once upon a time there was a city divided by a river. Since there was no bridge, traffic across the river was light and the planners said the need for a bridge was minimal. Then a bridge was built and everybody started using it. The planners monitored the traffic flow and announced an extraordinary need for 80 more bridges."

"Those sort of planners don't deal with real people. They play around with abstractions — maps, statistics, computer projections — but predict the future only as a version of the past.

Planning as pure science is stupid. It must also have a degree of art, a sense of human values. I don't claim to be a planner, expert or transportation expert. But I do consider myself an expert human being."



Fig. 10. (continued) with $\epsilon_{\text{max}} = 0.05$.[illegible]

that own their own homes. That doesn't mean they all live in apartment buildings, but the trend is clearly toward high-rise living. The year three apartment units are being built for every one dwelling designed for owner occupancy. We are entering the age of the rented city and Toronto is the prototype.

The trend is not in itself bad. Sociologist John Porter (*The Vertical Mosaic*) has noted that single-family private homes may be a luxury that Canada, in the interests of social justice, can no longer afford. But Porter was assuming that society could provide families with access

able alternatives, perhaps the most well-integrated apartment community encouraged by enlightened government is Europe. The alternatives offered in Toronto fall pitifully short of that.

Daniel and Judith Weisman, aged 30 and 26, co-own themselves a fortunate Toronto. They have a two-bedroom apartment on the top floor of a building in downtown Toronto that is occupied by married university staff and postgraduate students. So many of them have at least one child, there is a community of interest and tolerance within the building. And yet, Luchini says:

"A little while ago I went to visit friends in a house with a garden. We could see the kids playing through the window. The 10- or 12-year-old turned up at least as well as necessary to enjoy it, and the wife was cheerfully yelling to her husband from kitchen to living room. I suddenly realized that the kind of boy my friend was in: On one side of the bed is one neighbor one way, another is the neighbor at the other side, and two other sides are the people in the hall and the people downstairs. We avoid marking the people downstairs. They suffer for our noise, but we don't suffer much of theirs."

Planners concede that Toronto's transition to a high-rise, rented city — a job left largely to private developers — has been accompanied by some fundamental failures in design, direction and management. Often it would have made sense to encourage and reward smaller economic and social uses to invigorate the old houses.

More new developments fail to provide space or facilities for preserving, let alone enhancing, the human spirit. Studies by psycholeptics clinics increasing numbers of highway users suffer emotional disturbances because of a lack of outlets for some

'There has been no real attempt in Metropolitan Toronto to build higher apartments for low- and middle-income families,' says Robert Bradley, a developer of the Toronto YMCA and former chief of the Toronto Housing Authority.

"Somehow we must try to recreate the spirit of the old neighborhoods in these vertical plants." He thinks developers should provide and staff the facilities to do this—not just pools, playgrounds and tennis courts, but also gymnasiums, club rooms, day-care centers, libraries.

Branny and several planners. Leon Kizmos, a leading consultant on highway financing, says the real responsibility lies with all three levels of government. They have shifted their responsibility to the developer, and they have failed to co-ordinate planning and provide enlightened development guidelines.

Kanevski says the federal government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation and other mortgage money sources should be controlling their loans to cover international facilities as a development. Provincial and municipal governments should stipulate what facilities are needed. "Developers have pretty well been setting their own standards," he says, "and it's time the community took over the job."

Despite the lack of co-operation between levels of government, Timor does have at least 10 complexes with functioning social and recreational centres. Most

projected by developers — Sunmichell Square, Michigan City — are planned as integrated communities. What worries Kameo and other social scientists is that there are hundreds of high-rise developments already built that lack such facilities. Experts mean are being built each year on the same

sterile pattern. Since these backlogs determine the environment of the city for the next 50 or 75 years, Vancouver must do something during fairly soon — or start giving its kids cranks in halfway living-in-a-vacuum

For instance they will have to be taught about Number 13. The Williams children can all count up to 21. That's how many numbers there are on the elevator buttons! But no developer includes the unlucky 13. So high-rise children learn to recite all the numbers... 10, 11, 12, 14, 15. ☐



**These
Nice
People
Just Want
A Strong
Fight**



FIFTEEN, EVEN 10 years ago the Marlborough Avenue district would have been a front-page headline in the downtown daily *AMERICAN*. STREET DECLARED WAR ON CPR. Now it is left to the forthrightly Toronto *Citizen* as a plucky inner-city tabloid launched last year, to carry the dispatches from the Marlborough front. Such street-level skirmishes have become commonplace, not only in Toronto but all over urban Canada. The era when a redevelopment could bludgeen his way through the old or residential districts, meeting little or no opposition has

The street, to be sure, is nothing much to look at. But cats one way west through Toronto's madison from Yonge Street to Avenue Road. The north side is bordered by CPE tracks — a fairly unimpressive prospect for the 85 brick-faced houses (terraced and unattached) that cross the street. The cheap, but sturdy structures were originally built in the 1890s

for railway workers. Lines
on, many became rooming
houses. Folk singer Ian Tyson
lived in one when he first
came to the big city to
make his fortune. He heard
the humming, housewired-
circuiting rattle of the night
trains and wrote the Mer-
borough Street Blues.

*There's a couch under the
door
And the snow drifts
through inside
But no letters and no
money
From all the friends
outside*

The street began to pick
up in the mid-1960s with the



TORONTO THE BAD: THE CITY AS A VERSION OF THE PAST

More of the same, the planner concluded, is the worst possible thing that could happen. Today's emphasis on highly-pedigreed entrepreneurial development — "progress" — is dividing the city into the more generous hump. The downtown area will become a forest of office towers with a scattering of higher apartments for bankers and children, couples. Meanwhile, the suburbs will continue to spiral into an asphyxiating mass with no potential energy. The growing ugly features where people live and where they work will aggravate transportation problems and (as theory) make expressways necessary. The planner cited Toronto's earliest development — five major projects around the harbor now planned or nearing completion for a total cost of nearly \$1 billion — as examples of what's wrong with today's pseudo-planning system. "Some, they'll look exciting from the inside but there's no overall planning, only minor changes in the mode of transportation, no real coming to grips with pollution. There has to be a radical change in the system." Concluded the architect: "In other words, right now public planning bodies are easy development lops."

TORONTO THE GOOD: THE CITY THAT WOULD MAKE ROOM FOR PEOPLE

The best possible thing that could happen would be to start preserving Toronto's good points. They are, as the architect noted, considerable. "We're an extraordinarily

free city structure — the topophilia. It's what other cities have been striving to achieve for years. A superb block and a kind of nobility of activity in the downtown. That's a mix of offices, homes, banks, stores and recreational areas in various easily accessible forms. We aren't stuck with a downtown area, like Montreal. We can live within reach of all major facilities. Toronto conforms to one definition of a great city as a place where a man doesn't have to change his house to change his job." The economist agreed. "The human city would have its amenities scattered throughout the urban area. It wouldn't put all its eggs in the downtown basket." Such diversification, agreed the geographer, would mean people would live closer to their place of work and thus the problem of transportation would be reduced. With less stress on transportation, there would be much more emphasis on the importance of environment. "There are sections of the city far richer for what they are," said the planner. "These areas would be protected from through traffic and other pedestrian needs would be developed — shops, recreation, the city center. The city is going to grow bigger and denser. That is the historical trend and we can't reverse it. People want to come together, for where they live is where the city of the future would have its (or more central) community services to cater to man's emotional, intellectual and spiritual needs."

WILL PEOPLE BE ABLE TO LIVE HAPPILY AT 400 TO THE ACRE?

There's no reason why not. Many of Toronto's business approaches don't deserve new. But, as the engineer suggested, He made these needs be think of them as adequate and integrated community facilities. The economist agreed that, while 200 people to an acre was a reasonable figure, higher densities could be handled with good design. The architect mentioned his study of a low-rise

development in suburban Dan Wagon. "We found we could redesign the project to give the residents what they wanted — separate entrances, nearby parking, fireproof off yards — and increase the number of units by one third, all at no extra cost." The planner added: "The most vital thing in Toronto today is to continue to experiment with different housing types. The buildings giving up now are the prototypes for high-density living. That is the time for us to find out where we are going wrong."

WHAT IS TORONTO DOING NOW?

There is no shortage of plans. The City of Toronto has an Official Plan. Metro Toronto has an unofficial plan. There are regional transportation plans and local transportation plans. There are plans for the waterfront, for parks, satellite cities, inner-city underground walkways and outer-city biking trails. There is even a plan for a new one. Most important of all, there is the Ontario government's ambitious and controversial Toronto-Coastal Region Plan upon which the rest of the plans depend. The region, with near unanimity, thought the philosophy behind most of the planning was *expensive, unattractive and unrealistic*. Even the planner complained about the lack of vision in the government's approach. The geographer summed it up: "We fail to explore the science-fiction possibilities open to us because we have difficulty conceiving of cities of the future that are not distant from areas of the past. The kind of city we're getting reflects, in a fairly straightforward way, what people think they want."

WHAT SHOULD TORONTO BE DOING TO SAVE ITSELF?

The consensus was that a change for the better could only be brought about by radical alterations in the decision-making process. The logical first step was adoption of Metro into an official city-level elected gov-

ernment, a move approved in a 1969 plebiscite by 101,163 votes to 27,960. Said the economist: "We have to get away from the old city-manager system of municipal government. Confrontation comes from civil servants *spinning* things on people. The politicians must take back more power, with out harassment, going to court." He suggested the provincial government could help improve the quality of city government by subsidizing the salaries of municipal politicians. (Toronto's average now income \$7,500 a year.) There was also general agreement that planners must spend more time on long-term concepts, drawing up and reviewing them in consultation with the community. "Traditionally, planning is for the vocal and powerful," said the architect. "But now the weak — the little people — are coming up through the Toronto grants and saying, 'We want some light too.'" He added: "We don't have planning now. But if we had, our capacity to change a future. That's what planning means."

TOWARD THE TRIBAL CITY

Toronto has reached the stage where it must start to control its own financial destiny or fall apart. The responsibility for preserving the city rests with the people who live in it and who should realize this, said the economist, and devise a system that will allow cities to tax income rather than wealth. "At the moment, we define a tax as something that goes into the pockets of the federal, state and provincial governments. We should define it as the money that goes into the pockets of the citizens of the city. Instead, we should not our goals and then work out a tax base that will allow the city to meet its obligations to the future." Cities, he concluded, are similar to the concept of the tribe as once described by a Nigerian chief. The tribe, said the chief, consisted of a group of people. Many were dead. A great many more were still to be born. And then there were the living, who were "just holding the land in trust for future generations." □

A SAINT IN SOMEBODY who has achieved a remote human possibility. It is impossible to say what that possibility is. I think it has something to do with the energy of love. Connected with this energy results in the creation of a kind of balance in the chaos of existence. A saint does not dissolve the chaos, if he did the world would have changed long ago. I do not think that a saint dissolves the chaos even for himself, for there is something appropriate and workable in the matrix of a man seeing the universe in order. It is a kind of balance that is his glory. He enters the death like an escaped slave. My course is a course of the All. — Something in him as loves the world that he gives himself to the best of poverty and choice.

—LEONARD COHEN

Well, maybe we were a bit stoned, which tends to make the most ordinary objects seem interesting. But I swear that when I looked through the double-optical microscope at David Suzuki's genetic laboratory at the University of British Columbia — this was after a party at Suzuki's house — I swear it was one of the most beautiful things I'd ever seen.

It was an ordinary fruit fly, *Drosophila melanogaster*, smaller than a mosquito, a flying insect so tiny, so insignificant that you'd hardly bother to even buy it if he ended on your cheek. *Drosophila* are everywhere. They live by the billions, they feed on rotting fruit and, in their three-week lifespans, they cause no harm to anybody. Unless you happen to be a geneticist, they will not interest you very much. They have an astonishing social life; the ants, they do not, where or how or to what blood line mosquitoes, they are not conspicuous enough to disgust you, like houseflies. Truly a wondrous animal, you would suppose, and you see him up close, as I did, under a microscope.

And then, suddenly, you are reminded of what you learned in Sunday school: that flies the huskiest of God's creations are righteous.

But even! You would never have guessed this, but *Drosophila*'s eyes are bright cherry red, under magnification you can see the hundreds of individual facets that make up the eye. It looks like a large, irregularly-shaped. His wings are beautiful, too — two translucent, soap-bubble membranes interlaced with a delicate network of veins. His body is a pale, lustrous yellowish-brown, and it shines like hot wax. Underneath what wing he has a little fleshy globe, as though someone had embedded a marble beneath his skin. These are the fly's halteres, vestigial organs of flight, an embryonic hangover from the time tril-

Could This Man Manufacture 3,000,000 Trudeaus?

David Suzuki is a scientist who can shape flies to order in a laboratory. Some day, he worries, scientists may fabricate people, too

BY ALEXANDER ROSS



ons of years ago when most flies had four wings, *Drosophila*, you see, is an improvement on the original model.

He has but all over him. Hours actually. He takes breaks putting out from his head, but these, his legs. Geneseth can practically count these breaks. They know what constitutes a normal complement of hair on a fruit fly. Any variation means a mutant.

There are several variations in a fruit fly's body, and they behave very much as do the three trillion-odd cells in your body or mine. Each cell is a tiny universe of knowledge and complexity. Each contains eight chromosomes (human cells have 46), but you can see through a high-powered microscope. In the nucleus of a *Drosophila* cell, the chromosomes contain three pairs of rods, straight or bent, and a couple of dots. These black-and-white structures are composed of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), and each chromosome is made up of thousands of genes, which are long stretches of DNA molecules. A gene isn't a stretch, it's a chemical process that converts instructions to the cell. This DNA molecule is one of the most complex molecules in nature.

(James Watson and Francis Crick, the two men who finally figured out its shape, won a Nobel prize for their achievement in 1962.) The DNA molecule consists of two long chains of chemicals. These two chains spiral around each other ("The double helix," Watson is called it), the connecting chemicals on one chain being up while their opposite partners on the other. There can be as many as a billion such chemical links in the DNA chain, and each link represents an actual piece of information, a code of instruction that tells each cell what it is going to become. Maybe, somewhere deep inside the code and dots that Suzuki can see through his microscope, hidden somewhere in that immense swirl of DNA molecules, are many of life's secrets. Because *Drosophila* is so simple genetically, and because he breeds so fast, he's the ideal laboratory animal for those who propose to unravel the secrets of life.

"You never get tired of looking at flies," said Rachel, the girl who was showing us through the lab. Rachel is a biologist who spends her days breeding mutator *Drosophila* little beetles, then pouring through a microscope to inspect the results. *Drosophila* with warped eyes, *Drosophila* with their bristles running in the wrong direction, *Drosophila* with fast-moving sets of their heads animated in strange ways. "People think it would be dull, poking flies all day. But the flies are so beautiful, and the science of it is wonderful." This was spoken two in the morning, but there

were still a couple of graduate students working in Suzuki's lab. Suzuki himself, who had prepared all the food for Suzuki's party, planned to work right through until morning on a paper he had to deliver the next day. People get hooked on fruit flies, you see, utterly intoxicated. They can take over your mind. Suzuki has dreams about *Drosophila* but in his dreams the insects are never numerous or threatening. They are gentle and benign, these fruit flies he dreams about; they are good friends with bright wings.

David Suzuki is 35 years old, and his passion was a geneticist's assistant in one of those sperm banks that some of his colleagues are already talking about establishing. Some casual conversation of chemicals in such of his three trillion cells has made him very, very good at what he does. In the fly trade, as in any other trade, perhaps 75% of the practitioners are decent, practical men who have made their own peace with their own limitations. Consequently, it is expected of them, outside more. The other 25% are the mutants, the Cohen mutants, the people who reject a lot of themselves and are not a lot to sit around. Suzuki has rejected plenty in fruit flies. His work has led him to admit that his (a) broken up his marriage and (b) made him one of the fly trade's brightest young men.

Suzuki is an overachiever. He gets to his job in UBC's genetics department building around 15 or so, six weeks' work included, and seldom goes home before one or two in the morning. During that 15-hour day he will teach several classes, spend several hours reading or writing, work on other mutations in his lab or playing touch football on the lawn outside. He may also spend some time on his expanding media commitments.

He is an absolute fiend on the tube — a natural performer whose passion for science comes across as well on TV as it does in the lecture room. His Vancouver-produced TV show, *Suzuki On Science*, has been showing nationally on the CBC network since January. If he chooses, Suzuki could become one of the Great Canadian Talking Heads of the 1970s.

But the media thing is an embarrassment. Suzuki is not like a Haight-Ashbury version of Po. Most people may dislike a lot of checks (though they line up sometimes in the hallway outside his tiny office, all these scientific gals who look like Penn Marshall and are waving pencils and their terror papers. Although Suzuki doesn't change, he must be the only geneticist in the world who has been to God groups following him around.) But you must not suppose from this

that he is anything that super-sensuous about his work.

"Sure," says Suzuki. "I may spend 100, sometimes 150, hours a week in the lab. But it's not a mission. It's a way of life. It's just an evidence thing either. It's a positive choice. Nine times out of 10 I'd rather go to the lab than to a movie, because I'll enjoy the lab more."

My lab is in the lab. That, you know, I caught the idea I spend playing volleyball in the lab. It's a total. Like last summer was probably the happiest period of my life. For a couple of months there I got into it. I was there when we'd get up at seven or eight in the morning, then going home to sleep 16 hours, then coming back to the lab.

"And it was beautiful because there were four of us in the lab regularly, all night every night. And around 3 or 4 a.m. we'd drive off campus for coffee, and we were involved in the most incredible rap session. You know, when we're dropping out of the line."

"For instance, I'd been sort of hating over an experiment in my mind. It's too tricky to explain, but it has to do with pairing, and chromosomes breaking and exchanging pieces. Anyway, we were dropping out of the line, and one of my students said, 'How about this?' and I said, 'Well, oh wow!' and — that was it and I loved it — we went off."

The this particular experiment, it took Suzuki two weeks to work out on paper the intricate combinations and recombinations of genetic events that should occur under the conditions he was postulating. Then he set to work breeding *Drosophila* according to the theoretical specifications. And that began at 3 a.m. coffee break. After breeding seven generations, which took six months, he got the answer he wanted. The seven-generation time has validated the profound chromosome. Suzuki went home happy. He'd devised an elegant theory in his mind, then proved it in the lab.

Suzuki's role in the lab is a moderate one. He's not a full-time professor. He is a born scientist, one of those lucky people who is capable of communicating enthusiasm so even when he doesn't look as if he's working — he may be just sitting in his office with a few students, making those Indian cigarettes called bees that give you a mild (but perfectly legal) high — he is on the job. "It's very important that I be in the lab pushing flies myself, even though I've got lots of students, lots of undergrads, who can do it for me. You know, when you're looking through the microscope, you see things someone else might overlook."

"Like, a while back I noticed a pe-

culiar thing with a particular strain of female *Drosophila*. I'd observed these females and, when I looked at them through a microscope, every one of these flies had an egg hanging out her ass. I tried it again the next day. Same thing! Now, that's a load of sexual observation, except that I'd discovered a hereditary characteristic that caused the female, when offered, not to contract her abdomen and repress an egg out."

"I found that, by offering them every 90 minutes, every single female would pop an egg! Normally, you just throw females in a vial and collect 500 eggs. But now you can get eggs in the exact order in which they're laid. It's a very cool tool. It's created a lot of interest. I call it The Egg Popper, and I wouldn't have forced it if I hadn't been keeping around the lab."

There is another thing about Suzuki's genes. They come from Japan. His embryo was developing around the time the Japanese government was starting to think about a Sphere of Co-Prosperity in Greater East Asia. During that process, some terrible things happened between choice of sex and within the nuclei of his cells. One of them was that Suzuki's eyes grew differently from yours or mine. Other scientists in the genetic code — which some researchers say has a direct chemical correspondence to language, with words, sentences and even punctuation — decided that his skin be slightly lower, his hair perfectly black. Because of these tiny genetic events, Suzuki spent some years of his childhood living with his mother and two sisters in a tiny room in an abandoned hotel in the neglected ghost town of Hiroshima, the IBC. Several decades later, when other Canadians whose eyes looked like Suzuki's spent the war years in such places, which were known as detention centers.

You could also call them concentration camps, and their establishment commanded wide public support. Suzuki's primary-school teachers were non-japanese, conscripted to do the job. After the war, the Canadians who occupied these detention centers were given the choice of remaining in Canada or being shipped to Japan. Suzuki's grandparents and an uncle chose to return. The grandparents died within two years, because it was very difficult for old people to survive in post-war Japan. Suzuki's father declined to sign the paper that would have put him and his family on the next boat, a decision that aroused much enmity

among those who had signed. The family finally settled in London, Ontario, for a fresh start — the family's devastating business had evaporated when they were interned — and there David Suzuki went through school and tried to work out some very painful hang-ups.

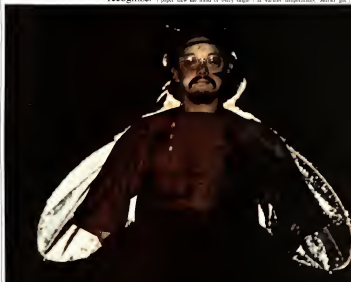
"In high school, I was super-lap. I was very conscious of being Japanese, and I was ashamed of being Japanese. I was ashamed of my parents because they were no Japanese. I was afraid to date white girls because I was Japanese — you know, it really fooled me. I was ashamed of my eyes particularly. I wanted to get away from you know, really an unbearable kind of self-hatred. It's only in the last 10 years, say, that I've really tried to get out of this, at tremendous expense. One thing about the education and immigration, nobody can measure the psychological damage it did."

Suzuki took refuge in scholarship. He breezed through high school, won a scholarship to Amherst College, Massachusetts. He majored in biology because he planned to become a doctor. Then, in his third year, he took an introductory course in genetics. "It was the most incredible experience of my life. I'd sit there for the whole hour, absolutely enraptured. My mind was hanging open! I had a superb teacher, a man named William Haecker, a really superb teacher. It was to come, so intellectual, so straightforward. And so beautiful!" Suzuki had found something new.

Then, a democratic in less than three years at the University of Chicago. One year as a researcher at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee, where Suzuki got very involved in the civil-rights movement. He became the only non-black member of the local branch of the NAACP. The segregation thing bothered him. He was doing brilliant work, but his political involvement assumed a disturbing form: he sometimes worried when he saw a Whites Only sign. His wife told him they'd better get out. He was the first job available in Canada, at the University of Alberta. The next year, 1963, he transferred to UBC. At the age of 34 he was made a full professor in an award for the "Master Teacher" on Suzuki, who was named up. The winner was Walter Gage, UBC's president. In 1969 Suzuki won the E. W. R. Steacie Memorial Fellowship, the top award for scientists under 35 in Canada.

Suzuki's fly lab is already the largest in the country. He keeps getting offers from the U.S., usually at double the salary and quadruple the research budget. One university offered him \$30,000 a year, as teaching as-

**"Make me a dictator
and in three
generations I could
give you a race
of people
that you wouldn't
recognize!"**



and triple the laboratory space. Since Suzuki wants to learn to fly, they also offered to pay for his lessons and buy him a half interest in an airplane. Suzuki said no, partly because he wishes to stay in Canada, but also because he doesn't want to live in the United States again.

The main reason for all this exceptional attention is an article published in the April, 1967, issue of the *Proceedings Of The National Academy Of Sciences*, under the byline of Suzuki and one of his research associates, forbiddingly entitled *Temperature-Sensitive Mutations In Drosophila Melanogaster I. Altered Frequencies Among Genotypes And Genotypes Inferred Sex-Linked Recessive Lethals And Semi-Lethals*.

Now you cannot really say that this paper blew the mind of every single

fly from Trent to Toronto to Vancouver. But undoubtedly every fly born in the world knows about that paper now, and Suzuki's achievement is generally regarded as very creative. "Eligant" is a word they use a lot.

When he did was found a mutant strain of fruit fly that lives happily at normal room temperature, but which drops dead when the temperature is raised a few degrees. These temperature-sensitive lethals (TSLs) had been observed in random batches of *Drosophila* mutants as early as the 1930s. But no one had ever set out systematically to produce them and, says their proud parent, "a lot of people thought we were crazy to try."

By exposing fruit to slight temperature fluctuations, a screened that induced mutations, then breeding the offspring at various temperatures. Suzuki just

He'd been asked to make a movie. He'd been prepared to make 10,000 copies before abandoning the project, so he was lucky. A Berkeley 1960s research center, Patrick, one of his research associates, was the person who talked into Suzuki's office with the news that the experiment had succeeded. "And the night we heard our paper had been accepted for publication, Leslie Jones, who was also in our band, was here. We thought a lot of champagne that night," he says.

The UBC team has been building on this achievement ever since. Besides the TBA, that's the 28th Century, they've produced other structures whose offspring die at various stages of development when subjected to the higher temperatures. They've lived strains that are stable in the higher temperatures, but breed normally at ambient temperatures. They've even had temperature-sensitive mutants whose eye can be selectively distorted.

In fact, the distortion pattern can be made to move in a "wave" across the eye, which makes this particular mutant an extraordinarily useful laboratory tool. For the first time, developmental researchers can easily intervene when, in the growth process, various genes are dominant and when they are repressed.

Next evening at six, they've recently produced a *Drosophila* mutant which behaves, naturally, at 32° Celsius, but becomes paralyzed at 25°. This is an amazing feat. Suzuki will show you a vial full of flies; you see them flitting around madly. Then, when you grasp the vial in your hand, the flies fall to the bottom, wholly paralyzed. The heat of your hand is what does it, take your hand away and they'll start flying again. This particular fly might could have important implications for research on epilepsy research. It is a genetic disease, and Suzuki's team is now trying to find out if the pathway they're bred into their flies comes from the muscles or from the nerves.

The UBC work is an important step toward answering one of the last great remaining riddles in genetics: How can cells communicate? Every cell is its own little genetically identical *Swiss cheese* one cell to become part of your brain, another to become part of your nose? Scientists know that the helix-like DNA exists through a series of intricate chemical reactions, some some critical changes to occur at various times, and not to occur at others. In effect, they're imagining reading, in sequence, from a book of instructions. But how in this information communication? What would happen if you talked with the order in which the pages were turned?

The implications of questions like

these both enthrall and frighten David Suzuki. The state of the art has advanced in an accelerating rate since Mendel published his first experiments on plant genetics in 1905. Could the genetic engineers go too far and learn too much?

"You're staring right at me could," says Suzuki. "It's not science-fiction, man. Hell, did you know that last May a guy at MIT produced a virus-like gene? Now he's talking about trying it on to a virus and using that virus as a micro-sprayer to inject the artificial gene into a bacterial cell and find out whether it works."

"Look, genetics and the biological sciences are creating the tools that are going to give somebody that control if you can program people at will, if you can spread viruses that will produce human mutations to cripple the mind or body, you've got the ultimate weapons. You don't have to use something many like bombs or napalm — just spread this invisible thing from a plane. A lot of people say this is too far in the future to worry about. I say it's right around the corner."

There's another guy in New York, Bill Spiegelman, who's concerned about cancer, and he's been able to put what he calls a self-replicating virus into cells. These are pieces of virus that replicate by themselves faster than normal. These copies can't do anything; they're just interested in turning out more copies. The idea is that if you infect cancer cells with these pieces, they'll suck up all the goodness inside, and the cell will die. It's a beautiful idea, but the thing that frightens me in Spiegelman's show of optimism: A scientist can have other targets than cancer tissue, you know, and one can conceive of all sorts of little pieces of replicating material that you should spray from an airplane.

Suzuki doesn't think we'll see the ultimate source-code machine, life-coded-on-a-tube, in the century. But "cloning" — growing an identical twin of somebody from a single cell taken from their body — could be as little as 30 years away. That's right — two million Starfishes or three million Tadpoles they're already doing it, with frogs.

"But already," Suzuki says, "you can do tremendous things with selective breeding — with chickens. Make one a dictator with power to try who mates with whom, and in three generations I could give you a mate of people that you would not recognize. You want these beautiful, super-intelligent, docile? Whatever you want! In one generation I could give you a human being that would live on the average 20 years longer than we do today."

BC and Alberta already have sa-

primo legislators for stopping nuclear development. But there's no pretense on the board that decides who gets vetoed too. We can already analyze the cells of an unborn child and tell whether that unborn is defective. So what does this lead to? Do you abort an embryo? A mongrel? And who decides?

"You know, if we go into a crash with Red China, I could see that sort of thing being very easily. People would be holding for instantiations of every Asian in the country. And that'd do it, man! They'd do it!"

Don't think strike you in perhaps a little paranoid? Perhaps you're paranoid too. (a) Your genes had earned you four years in a Canadian concentration camp or (b) your genes came from a country that had two atomic bombs dropped on it by the time you're applying the latest scientific technology, or even (c) if you had been down at a recent Berkeley demonstration, as Suzuki was, and taken a lot of police bullets in your side while helicopters circled above you and the riotous were fired with soldiers raining machine guns.

Two years ago, these prepossessions around Suzuki to quit science. He'd split with his wife and three children several years earlier, he was out of the job, and the subsequent spin of his life, and he became obsessed with the terrifying implications of what he was doing in the laboratory. "I didn't quit work," he says, "but I resigned in my head."

After a year, he decided he lost for mankind's future were really a proportion of his fears for his own future. He also decided that scientific knowledge *per se* is "neutral." It's the use scientists make of it that is dangerous. That doesn't mean scientists should be blind to the implications of their work. They should continue to do their thing — but fight like hell to ensure and as scientists spread this nature of the knowledge they discover.

I envy David Suzuki because he is the most accessible scientist I have ever met. Because he is so articulate about his craft, it's possible to see him and every scientist for what they are: not an amiable neophyte in white lab coats, but as intelligent, unpolished, subtle, petty, screwed-up, talented, ordinary human beings.

Like Cohen's son, Suzuki possesses a sort of escapee from life. It is present in his lab. His life is his work. And his work is an intense, pure, where there is purity and precision and beauty, the original dance of genes. For Suzuki, this is what replaces his balance against the confusion and despair of the larger human organism. □



What souped-up, smog-free, quiet-running dream machine has two wheels, one sprocket, and a subculture all its own?

BY GATHY WISMER WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNALD MAGGS

THE SLEEN, BLACK jammer pulled up at front of the bike shop. A gray-tinted rain, looking far and away from the Sleen. Row cut stopped out and walked into the store. He stood at the counter, pulled out \$250 from a wallet of orange bills. Along the wall bicycle spokes glimmered like diamonds. He turned back, looking at the owner, and invited the confidence of the shopkeeper with a wild grin. "I never had a bike when I was a kid. In fact, I don't even know how to ride one. The money from my parents' wedding was the only money I had. I had this coin last night you are and it was all about this big beautiful bike."

Well, this big beautiful dream machine is the flower child of 1971, creating a whole new subculture of health buffs and poison eaters and fast-food fanatics. Cycling addicts become a different sort of person, climbing for bikeways, wear leathers and boots, and buy tubular tires. They have their own lingo, vocabulary, sources and even clothing. And their numbers are increasing. Tom Nasse, proprietor of South Beach Bicycle, says adult bike sales have risen over 400% in the past year. So for those of you planning to join this subculture, Nasse has provided a complete guide to the new set. "From about Day-Glo to black leather."

First, you need to know how to buy a bicycle. It's a delicate business, since there are so many different sizes, types, and brands. You need to know how to fit a bike to your body, and how to choose a bike that will last. Nasse says that the average person should spend between \$100 and \$200 on a bike. He also says that the best time to buy a bike is in the spring, when the weather is warm and the selection is large.

Whether you buy, rent the machine with the services you would prefer to buying a Fender Roadster when one of the only cycling manuals and "training" is so rudimentary, or choose a mount of your own adjusted to suit your individual needs, but best for your own, you will find that the money saved to your liking should be suitably devoted to your in-depth care.

Specifically shops carry the widest selection of models, but you will find a good variety combined on page 48.



Wouldn't You Really Rather Have A CCM?

More than ever, the CCM Group's touring Deluxe Sport remains the Number One favorite with Canadian nationalists (CCM is the only Canadian bike maker), suburban housewives and one-child families. A bicycle built for families. Matching models for both men and women, the Deluxe Sport (\$89.95) features console-type "T" bar (three-speed) gearshift, reflector pedals and generator light. Chrome-plated wraparound chain guard and mudguard. Spring color. Gears in green. Optional traveling bag or baby seat (\$8) to fit rear metal carrier (with spring clips).



Fold Has A Better Idea

So are better. So fold up. The city cyclist's dream is the collapsible bike. Sturdy. Compact. Convenient. Packs into the back seat of a car. Folds up behind a filing cabinet. Easy to carry and easy to ride. Adjustable handlebars and seat to fit any size (from 56 inches to 60 inches). The newest item on this continent is the Yugoslavian Rog Pony (\$79). The model features a refined braking system, three-speed Sturmey-Archer gears and quick-release handlebars and seat. Thick whitewall tires fitted for 20" wheels. Multispring saddle for comfortable riding. Colors: red, white and blue.



You've Changed. We Haven't

The cellar favorite among students, hippies and 80-year-old grandmothers. The Secondhand bike. It's reliable, cheap and can stand up to rust and repair. It is the only bicycle that can guarantee itself against theft. If lost, it can be replaced with a \$20 bill. To setup up a secondhand, remove fender frames, mudguards and paint bare fluorescent colors. This serviceable machine can be bought at any secondhand bike shop or police auction. To keep the bike in running order, clean the cycle chain once a month and keep the tires full of air.



Always A Step Ahead With 10 Speeds

A royal line for bike barons. Refined over the years in the designing houses of Peugeot. The ultimate experience in cycling. A Cadillac performance. This bicycle is for the sport and the stylist — the man who craves to ride with the best of them. Fitted with 10-speed Simplex Derailleur Alpine steering gears (to handle any terrain), Malac centre-pull brakes and ratiopull pedals. Taped racing handlebars and leather racing saddle. A special feature is the dual high flange hub with Simplex quick releases. [the wheels pop out] This high-pressure tire tubing fitted on a 27" x 1 1/4" rim provides excellent traction and smooth country riding. The Peugeot Canwin costs about \$135.

brook for about \$20, and do nothing on a full-time basis. Arthur Kofsky, an architect who spends half a year in New York City and half a year in Zihuatanejo, says, "This is a beach-club-and-town. There's nothing to do. Nobody's selling you anything. It couldn't be less like Aspen." Even a film maker who lives on a hill above the bay, says, "I came here to figure out where I was going, who I was. This is a safe place for that. The quiet is like a drug."

Acapulco is neither, in some historical fantasy geography. Zihuatanejo is totally rooted in Mexico. The town's tranquility is Mexican; the houses, collapsing into deep crevices and built north at 30, are partly Mayan. In a rural Mexico that is almost untouched by, and almost foreign to, the cold and profitable urban activity in Mexico City, the town is serene. Spanish colonial with Indian, pre-Columbian and modern, the color of earth. Along the unpaved streets, the Mexicans leave their doors open, and lie in their hammocks watching the gringos.

This will change a little. As more tourists discover what a marvelous place Zihuatanejo is for doing nothing in, the inhabitants of Zihuatanejo, with outside help and money are becoming better. There is a mild commercial boom along the beaches, and some of the young men of the town are discovering that they can make a living simply by being stupid. Is Zihuatanejo? Where do you want to go tonight? Do you want something to smoke? I can do it for you? They don't disappear along the beaches, looking for action and something new, deciding who is rich and who is not. The local whorehouse has hired a young American for the foreign trade; things are looking up.

In five years, perhaps, the green hills around the bay will be dotted with houses, and travel writers will be writing about somewhere else. Within a week it could be a village, looking for peace and quiet, peace and quiet disappear, the smart money goes into subdivisions, the rhythms change. And every sunny southern coast becomes an extension of the sunny kind, extended down to Acapulco, Tulum, Cancun and Marbella in Spain, the French Riviera, Miami.

But perhaps not Zihuatanejo. There is a lot of natural, social violence there, and I suspect that this quality may be the reason that it remains. Maybe, once in five years, you will be able to do nothing in a hammock, on the edge of a hot beach, under the sun. □

HOW TO GO, WHERE TO STAY

Getting to Zihuatanejo is easier than it sounds. Aeromexico, the Mexican airline, runs two flights per day from Mexico City, at a small 13-hour airport conveniently, a Canadian-built Cessna, if a pleasant trip, takes about an hour and 35 minutes, and costs \$37 return. You can fly direct from Toronto to Mexico City on Canadian Pacific or Aeromexico, or via Chicago on American Airlines; the return fare on a 21-day excursion, is \$211 and the regular return fare is \$262. From Vancouver, a 21-day excursion is \$240; the regular return fare is \$346.

If you want to see Acapulco first, the Mexican bus line, Estrella de Oro runs a comfortable first-class, air-conditioned bus to Zihuatanejo, takes a 24 pesos one way, about two dollars.

There are two distinct kinds of hotel in Zihuatanejo: the difference, of course, is money. Places such as the Moderno, the Zafiro, the Armas and the Conito are new, built above the beaches where the better class get out their security money, and relatively expensive: say, 220 pesos of the Moderno double, with three meals, \$320, counting the price at eight cents Cerveza, 235 pesos (\$22) of the Conito, which has a dishwasher called Gracela. The cheaper hotels are lined along the main town beach, are not so safe, security doesn't have hot water and are a lot cheaper: 180 pesos double, with meals, at the Armas (\$14.60); 120 pesos at the Zafiro (\$4.60). There is a little trouble in all this: the municipality has proclaimed a sort of 20% discount on rooms with meals, which sometimes applies and sometimes doesn't.

John Wilcock's *Misere De Fave De Los A Day* has a short note on Zihuatanejo, matter-of-factly but his photo are well organized.

There are four beaches on the Zihuatanejo bay. The town beach has the cheap hotels, two other beaches, the Moderno and Los Picos, are prettier and more expensive (the most beautiful, Las Galas, can be reached only by boat (30 pesos) or a long hike, has a fine restaurant, and a skin diving school run by an expatriate Parson. □

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

One break word of advice about drugs in Zihuatanejo, don't. My friends, Deborah Parker, and I stayed in Zihuatanejo for six days. While we were there, the Mexican government troops found several marijuana

plantations in the area and, apparently, went on shooting. There were two military officers in the harbor just to check out the pleasure craft. And the beach was dotted with large men in brown uniforms, with side arms, looking closely at the kind of cigarette you were smoking. Everybody was very careful.

We went, as it turned out, not careful enough. Deborah and I smoked a ride to Acapulco with three Americans in a convertible and the car was stopped at Pe de la Cruz, about three miles from town. The troops found a small quantity of marijuana, which apparently belonged to two of the Americans, at first as we knew, they are still in jail. The rest of us spent a very uncomfortable 10 hours in a Mexican military camp.

Deborah remembers it this way:

"We were arrested at midnight; the men were driven into town in a truck, the other girl and I in the car. We were kept separated at the barracks. The three men were sent to a small, bare holding cell, and we were given two cots in the officers' quarters across the courtyard. It was like a Grade C motel. The naked light bulb, the cots lined up in rows, the whispering, the lobby and cabs outside in the room, the soldiers' ceiling, its us and poking their rifles through the openings in the walls.

"Nobody would tell us what we were going to happen. Five times we would be told, just that because it was Sunday nothing could be done. The other girl, whose Spanish was marginally better than mine, was hysterical. We both had towels, the Mexican sentries, and kept saying to go to the bathroom. They had armed guards with us and there was no privacy. I didn't know what was happening to the three men.

"In the morning, it was better, we could see that from some of the enlisted men seemed to be amused that they were holding women and were kind to us. The commandant came, finally, and said that he would be transferred to Mexico City the next morning. I started screaming — the marijuana wasn't mine. I was in recent, they weren't even allowing us to call the embassies or a lawyer.

"At six o'clock that afternoon, quite unexpectedly, three of us were released. The other girl was held — some of the marijuana had been in her luggage, apparently — and the driver of the car. "The Canadian vice consul in Mexico City said that he was arrested. He had been released, that he believed was a very bad place to be arrested. I don't really think I'll be going back there very soon." □

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Endure, Endure:

The Man From St. Urbain discovers the West

A year ago novelist Mordecai Richler ventured out from hometown Montreal for a western Grand Tour. Here are some pages from his journal of discovery

BY MORDECAI RICHLER



MARCH 11, 1970

On my last day in the west, I discover the 5,000 Maple Fingers of the Manzanillo Assembly, advertised on the embossed by my bed. "It quickly con-

verts you into the land of hanging cone and relaxation, 25 weeks for 15 minutes." For small change, the promise of euphoria.

Yielding to the magic fingers, which do not seem, after all, to be grand away from the bed, I am a palpating bed in the Highlander Motel Hotel, Calgary 42 ("A Place Ye Come Forget"), briefly grateful not to be in bed, where I am, I try to explore some sense out of the last, decidedly female, 11 days My western Grand Tour.

Swimming before me there is one transparent image of peace (loneliness associated by "advice" by Bourdieu, Maniche, a teenage girl struggles toward an ever lowering snowflake, definitely wearing a necklace). Then I am on the spectacular Banff highway again, opening toward Jasper through a blizzard, only the road ahead vanishes, when the snow suddenly recedes and the snowing mountain emerges, closing in on me. In Edmonton, I am introduced to students as "a wandering wanderer." Yes, indeed. But to begin at the beginning.



FEBRUARY 28

Like every Canadian of my generation, I have only a fragmented sense of country. Hence, in my case, in Montreal, the rest, geography. I'm prepared to believe the fault is mine. I've never been north or to the Mountains. To my shame, I have not even been west before I have flown to Vancouver, that city by the sea with the soul of a mountain man, but now, or soon the prairie plain. After this, I know the west only by means of its most famous novel, the Calgary Stampede, and by its famous ballads and literary celebrities. The Grey Cup pulchritude and Johnny Dethol, personated once in Ottawa, and the books of Sinclair Ross, Margaret Laurence, Adele Wiseman and Jack Luehr.

And so, just before flying off to Toronto from England, I spent an evening skimming through these books again, seeking inspiration. After a weekend in Toronto, I packed for the west.

Following Sir George Simpson and David Thompson, after the Selkirk Settlement, undoubtedly more compelling than anyone, I was seeking not without benefit of penance at bacon fat or even walrus, but was armed instead with Betty Martin, a plentiful supply of Bonanza, and of course a return ticket. To some degree, my purpose was twofold. I now to speak at several universities, looking at not into shape on the campus worldwide circuit, and report on my trip for this magazine.

Above all, I was delighted to be invited to make a journey long overdue, personally undertaken in March, our country's most glowing month, when everybody is perfectly fed up because the winter has lasted too long

yet again. This year, like last, and next. The streets charm with slush, the cars are asked with 14th, and one day's promise of spring is snatched by the next morning's blizzard.



MARCH 2

Sunday. Flying off from Toronto on Air Canada Flight 837, sitting next to my seat with yesterday's Globe and Mail, I was undone by the first-page headline: "Farmers offered apologies if they don't plant wheat." Across—Wheat what farmers were offered up to \$140 million probably by the federal government in return for growing virtually no wheat or any other crop on these lands this year.

Initially, the provincial socialist bent of me was annoyed. I was charged with scorn for capitalism and its obscene contradictions.

Today I still count myself a Trudeau supporter, I am increasingly perplexed by some of his government's policies in office. The most liberal government we have ever elected has turned on its own, mostly ignoring the National Film Board and the Canada Council, perpetuating the Ottawa River in the lower scheme. And now millions are to be forced out not to grow food. We are to submit to hunger, God-fearing farmers, looking then to become senior citizens. Whoever the responsibility of office, the consequences of institutional agreement, the symptoms of high finance, it is unacceptably moral not to grow wheat when 10,000 people die of starvation every day.

And yet — and yet — it is just possible that I have underestimated Ottawa's ability. If, for instance, we accepted that overpopulation is the real problem of our time and the greatest parents of the deprived

countries will not practice birth control no matter what, well then, by God, let's starve the bastards. Canada, for once, in the program. After months of agonizing silence, we do have a new foreign policy. In a word, famine.

Another possibility is that somebody has applied Ottawa's wheat supply with L&S, and refuses not to grow wheat is the harbinger of a grocery new policy in which we may at least be able to share. Next year, hopefully, the Canada Council will pay no more to write. After all, we have at least an observing a case at the farmers. Too much a being written, there's almost no demand for even the best of it, and the idea of Macdonald, McClelland & Stewart, as it, we intend to high with smiling, snowed looks in the west with wheat.

My first evening in the west, I ate Winnipeg golden, one of very few dishes to make this fall in prairie. After dinner, determined to explore, I sought out Portage and Main, classically reputed to be the richest corner in the country. "Information is for fools — not for people," says Winnipeg Farmer's Guide. "Anybody's the stupid." Winnipeg. When winter's withering winds sweep in from the north, the half million non-berating inhabitants of this cold wasteland — bundle up warmly and get out and enjoy life.

Sunday night in the west, the streets abandoned. Briefly, I considered taking a taxi to first club in the north end where, waitress Larry Zuff has named me, Spunky Pony and Montreal's first, but the cold shivered my spine. I returned to my hotel and settled into bed with Marny Donnelly's biography, *Deafie Of The Free Press*. In 1963, a year before the editor's term, his parents, beguiled by substance abuse, went to settle on an Ontario farm. "The pamphlets they carried with them were full of enthusiasm and glowing descriptions of the new land, the Ottawa River, and George Bay, and predicted that the new world eventually have a population of eight million."

Canada, Canada, for ever known country.

"They knew little of the true nature of the land their Protestant God had created in the highlands of Ontario. They did not know, although the evidence was obvious as they arrived, that the seemingly fertile and was strewn with stones and was actually little more than a shallow sprinkling of earth on the solid rock of the Precambrian Shield."

They did not know as they staggered up the blizzards that this was in three heretofore had already been abandoned, but concluded that this was due to a lack of stamina on the part of the settlers or to a false dream for the west and eternal delight of the eye."

After supper, I listened on my grandmother's knee. Life is short, the grave without light. Endure, endure, says Canadian experience. For tomorrow they will flock to the new and golden cities of the North as they now do to California. Tomorrow we will riden our cars, our oil and our wood from the American prairie. Tomorrow Winnipeg will be a lake. By then, the world will be a cold, the world. Meanwhile, it's cold. We're getting older. And what if we're all being cooled?



MARCH 2

Bed rest.

Ten supposed to drive to Sheridan today, but the gas who brings my breakfast instead in the sack outside morning up to miles per hour. Opening the curtains, I look through the morning snow a sign across the street. Barker's Funeral Parlor. Learning above, there is another sign, this one illuminated, The Farmers Syndicate. A Winnipeg, something for most of your needs, but not all, as I shortly discover. For the Gateway to the Golden West has no morning newspaper. Most days, it seems, you can get the Toronto Globe and Mail, but not the Winnipeg.

My breakfast comes in a deperently search for anything but the Golden to read. Ah, the local Gazette has thoughtfully provided me with *Examiner* Dyer.



Chrysler's Hydro-Vee hull combines the soft ride of a deep-V with the stability of a hydroplane.



And it's hand-built to last longer.

Chrysler awarded the Hydro-Vee hull to give you the best of two classic designs. The high, V-shaped bow comes from the deep-V. It slices through waves to soften your ride and sweep spray to the side. The side sponsons stem from the hydroplane. They provide stability and balance in tight turns.

It's a great combination, and only Chrysler has it. And you'll enjoy it for many years, because Chrysler builds the Hydro-Vee by hand to last longer. It's glassed in by hand, without

bricks along the keel. In the bow, at the transom. Then flotation foam is bonded to the finished hull—it's standard on most Chrysler boats.

Your Chrysler boat dealer can show you Hydro-Vee's from 14' to 28' and Chrysler Outboards from 3.6 hp to 135 hp.

See him before you buy. You can't afford to ignore any boat or motor that carries the Chrysler name and reputation.



Extra Care...in Engineering.

"TIPS-TIPS FOR TIME-SAVERS"

Success or failure, every man has exactly the same number of minutes per day to spend. The successful man is usually the one who has learned how to spend his time as wisely as he spends his money. Here are some tips to help you do likewise. 1) At the end of the day, sit down with a pencil and paper and plan your next day's activities. Or compile a list of the ways you've wasted time all day.

Go to hell. I send for Tribune, Saturday's edition, and open it automatically at the want ads page.

"I WOULD WISH TO MEET LARRY (18-35) as helper in studio. Must be able to sell & write. no exs. Send photo with letter to him."

Big sky. Long winter. Hibernation is for him.

8:30 a.m. Entered on the Greyhound bus to Brandon, I traveled through a blizzard. I feel I've arrived on the prairie at last. Everywhere I turn, I'm greeted by a swirling white haze. No horizon defined, but here and there stands of black trees that could, for all I know, be floating on lakes or be rooted in snow-buried prairie. Really, as it turns out, for as I should have remembered from sixth grade geography, the prairie is the best of an ancient lake, left flat as a smelter table by the retreating glaciers. And empty. My God, I have never seen such emptiness.

"Canada's geographical vastness is deceptive," Hugh MacLennan wrote. "At the moment little more than 4% of the whole country is under cultivation; it has been estimated that only 7% ever can be."

The good-natured bus driver, bound for Calgary, the Rockies, and Vancouver, serves as a last-day party-express ride, turning up at airports that straddle from the snow to land over a bunch to the men in suits and tailored coats who seem hurrying out of his office, here into the wind life improving on MacLennan's count of aid.

As the snow let up, we honoree post drilling signs. PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY... YOU WILL SOON BE FREE FOR EVER. And churches. On weekends, Jehovah's Witnesses, Methodists. You name it, somebody has these believers at it. Seemingly, to put together a settlement on the prairie, all you need are some churches, a grocery, a pizza palace, a coffee house, and sacks of herbicide pornography.

Which brings me to Fortage is Prince, where we're tucked in a shop of a restaurant. Ten minutes later,

everybody, the bus driver belted.

There were two sets of bookshelves. On one side, rows of narrow volumes published by Harper's Books: *A Year of Skywriting* etc. etc. On the other, the hot stuff. Adult reading, paperbacks in cellophane wrappers, three books each: *New Africa*, *Europe on the Loose*, *Planet*, *Sex*, *Black*, *Madness*, *Apocalypse*. And a complete row of Tazman. And so I shooed my first prairie lesson. When they ask for Burroughs out here they want Edgar Rice, not William.

Am asked, how you doer
and what a big city?



MARCH 3

Shouldn't be so mean.

For I quickly learn the students at Brandon U are bright, efficient, good-looking and well read. "What brings you," one of them detaches, "to a back country as a back town?" The answer been to one below, that's what?

Indirectly, I like the students, but I am saddened by the university, the town, and its environs. Brandon, Man. (population 30,000 or so), is a place you come from, not somewhere you go to. Former residents (including an author) I met, return here to retire by the familiar facade. Far from being prairie, they read the *London Observer* and the *New York Times*. They are self-spoken, kind, and decent companions. But obviously they are educating their children right out of their involvement. The young won't settle for life as an endless horizon, and will quite properly demand more, seeking it in Vancouver or Toronto. The university, so sacred, must also destroy the town.

They are justifiably wary of strong men in Brandon, especially students, who seem not to be very concerned. Traditionally, I discover, a

speaker turns up here ill-prepared and charged with condescension, talking off the cuff, for what does Brandon mean, it's Brandon, and once back in Toronto, Chicago is hard, the trip can be passed off as a lack in the Park Plaza Hotel bar or the Celebrity Club. But the people of Brandon, as the other hand, seem to have a persistent on having the city short price home? a phony. It seems to nourish them in the false assurance that, though they are caught in the middle of the sea of newness, they are not missing much.

Frequently, we bring out the word in each other.

It's a big sky, they say. Again and again it's asked, how you ever make a big sky?

In North America's only socialist province, the sky belongs to the people. The rest, mostly to members of the Manitoba Club. And a Swiss holding company.



"A grand home"

MARCH 4

Winnipeg again.

On first sight, the city seemed idyllic without charm, built two stories high in most places, the streets unadorned, with little to delight the eye. Grassy, lawn compass, Canadian Legion built. Gosh, commercial street. Stab-like, functional houses. Except for the onion-bell churches, no color, no history. Life is hard, the winters long. Endurance is all.

The west has yet to develop a distinctive style of architecture, and isolation houses in Winnipeg, as well as in Edmonton and Calgary, seem to be matched against the wind rather than built on foundations, as if the residents are not very concerned. The University of Manitoba,

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however, occasional acts of aggression, strikes, attacks on a particularly depressing opportunity seized. It resembles nothing so much as an emotional complex, a coming-of-age maybe, and peaking up to it is a car for the first time you expect the best one should be to blow any minute.

Even so, after only a couple of days in town, Winnipeg was to have come upped for me than any other city I visited in the west. The town, promised to many more by so many well-meaning, lying politicians, well aware that Athens will always be elsewhere in tomorrow's country, that is yesterday's city. The Boston of the west, I'd say, only it has never really known years of true grandeur. What it does have is one robust cultural tradition, that is the city of the strike, after all, and even today of our most interesting socialist movement, edited by Cy Gorkov. As Calgary and Edmonton flourish, among the growing cities in the country, Winnipeg continues to slide into desert poverty, the young pushing their bags to the wilderness. I drove to Wellington Crescent, a yellow swamp and broken encampment before the great houses began to build there after the turn of the century, one grand house wreck. Tudor and the next a teaching for architecture attempt to recreate Edinburgh on the map. Early in the Fifties the grandest houses began to go up for auction, the rich and



by tearing bills and the roof of some. The largest house on the Crescent, where the Prince of Wales was entertained in 1924, had 37 rooms, four fireplaces and seven bathrooms, before it was split into apartments and then torn down. Another once elegant private residence was for a time the shade of the Canadian Museum of Art, the College and a third ex-

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The Round One.

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joyed a brief life as the content of the Princess Blood before it too was demolished. Yet another is now the home of the Masonic Order. On so-called "Creed Corner" there stand a modern synagogue, the Shalom Zedek, a Bible college, a Lutheran Church and St. Mary's, a Roman Catholic academy. But gone for ever are the days when English gentlemen took the winter sun for a term on the Continent and there are no more haughty draws trips. The worst news, however, is that socialism, creeping in with the frost, has come to a province with a historic antislavery reforming history. With the landed, and probably most able, railway yards in the country. And with a grim exchange that is now mostly of historical interest.



March 5

Even so, an obsolete Queen Victoria will sit outside the legislature as I approached it, holding orb and sceptre, wearing her crown. Ideal for the age.

On entering the legislature one is immediately confronted by two enormous buffaloes, guardians of the central staircase, this pair surviving possibly because, being brown, and like the millions who once stained the plains, they would yield no fresh meat, pemmican, grouse or bales. It is worth noting, incidentally, that it is not to commemorate actual genocide, as it were, but to award crimson where work on behalf of the province merits special recognition, that the government of Manitoba, blessed stranger to none, has established an Order of the Buffalo Hunt.

Without ever having met Premier Schreyer, I was already on his side. The face in the newspaper photographs was honest, intelligent and

humble. Strangely without subtlety or the bitterness endemic to some old nationalists who have waited too long in the political wilderness. Schreyer had, possibly to his own disadvantage, studied such from afar. Only 35, he has been an MLA or MP for 12 years. He speaks German, Ukrainian and French. In 1965, he asked the government to stop paying a minister's membership to the Manitoba Club, because it discriminated against Jews and Ukrainians. But the sad truth is Schreyer lacks grace, he seems to be without style or wit, qualities Trudeau values as abundance on every first meeting, and I strongly doubt that this young Mr. Duce is the socialist for all seasons who will one day lead the party to power in Ottawa. Our dinner together at the Fort Garry Inn (opened on mixed consensus and indifference. Food Schreyer, his eyes only with appeal, revealed that he always travels economy class by air. (Yes, yes, Golds. Mr. Duce has her own too. Humble Harold Wilson prefers second class to second. Trudeau, encouraged for all I know, will find time to keep physically fit. My God, what have we men done to deserve such self-criticism? Anyway, I definitely made a date, travel economy class which is to say there will be some social justice but no Capulet coming to the banks of the Assiniboine.

Honestly may vary will be the best palate, but in Ed Schreyer's case I feared it was his only one, which is not enough. Again and again I find our country abounds in men manifestly decent and likable, but too few who can lead men to water.



March 6

Spending over Winnipeg in the morning, the prime briefly obscured by continued on page 57

NEW ZEALAND IS:

Maori maidens chanting an ancient rite near Rotomua's boiling lakes... a cable car ride in Wellington to the very top of the bones of the world... wingless birds, and boys in boats and a ski-plane flight to a glacier... the awesome beauty of Milford Sound... bargains in woodens and sheepskin rugs in a land with more sheep than people. New Zealand is succulent food, comfortable lodgings and the most friendly souls in the world. That's what New Zealand is. And more. Simply send the coupon. We'll be delighted to tell you all the rest.



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This may very well be the most remarkable piece of modern sculpture outside the National Gallery. It's definitely the most remarkable stereo you've ever seen. Outside of yourselves.

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Inside the sleek glass bubble—shades of 1907—
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stereo radio, and 80W more in amplifier.

Yes, that's a brushed chrome pedestal
and those slimy-looking
surrounding the bubble.
And those mean little
speakers on either
side? High impedance
speakers that provide you
to sweetly feel of smooth

stereo sensation. In fact, if there's anything more I mean
use than the stylus of the CIRCA 711, it's the performance
of the CIRCA 711. After all, designing a stereo that looks
like nothing else is one thing. Engineering it to sound like
an Electrohome stereo is another.

Now I beg to ask: how was it recorded on both counts?
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within the reach of everyone. So get down to
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overwhelmed with the most advanced
stereo you're likely to see
this decade. As a stereo
set, it's a knockout.
And as a piece of
sculpture, it's a language.
Electrohome Limited,
Mississauga, Ontario.

ELECTROHOME

wade of cloud, I lowered into Edmon-
ton before noon, where publisher Mel
Harris awaited me. Instantly, we set
out across the oppressive flatlands for the
Shining Mountains of legend.
Over the other side of Calgary, lead-
ing into rolling country with the
mountains looming darkly ahead, I was
hard put to contain my rising
good spirits. The mountains are, of
course, a spectacular sight and their
overall effect is totally exhilarating.
One cannot but be grateful to Ottawa
for having the foresight to create
national parks here. Kootenay, Jasper,
Banff and the rest.

Puffing into most fortunate and
lucky placed Banff, however, I must
say that at first glimpse of the Springs
Hotel — this shockingly ridiculous
palace, this monument to 19th-century
pretension — I had to laugh and
loud.

We dined at a splendid dinner
served in an immense, nearly empty,
dining room, a dry-violetté Courtyard,
and then we followed, appropriately
enough, by a musical quartet and a
singer in a shimmering silver gown.
The theme song from *Dr. Zhivago*, *A
Penny Girl* by Lyle & Melody, *Tanya,
Tanya*, *Tanya* and other Russian de-
notes.

O God! O Alberta!

If I cannot lead you to the fountain
of youth or tell you where elephants
go to die, if I will lack the secret of
the alchemist's stone, I do now know
where old and disarming Protestants,
blessed by God and the Reverend
Growth Fund, lay to the Royal
Bank of Canada, true to Prudent,
and with faith in pillaged, repair to
enjoy themselves. The Banff Springs
Hotel, in their splendour, I have dis-
covered. Stay here, or better yet,
Canada's prairie province, WASHO,
that angels heed who thrive as
Tenth-Place For Time-Space, will
make their last stand. This is the
place where daily-checked cars down
to dinner parties will for ever sweep
their galled, beguiled ladies into the
dining room to eat frozen shrimp
cockled followed by steak cooked
gray to the core. July Pines will sing
for them. Nelson Eddy, a vision on a
mountain peak, will call out one more
time for mis-behaved men. If there's
a snave on Sunday night, it will be
Mrs. Manner. And whatever French
Canadian dare intrude will come in
sway reminiscent or colonial
guilt.

Even so, the act has begun to set in
here, as everywhere. Its success, the
clear mountain air is sweet with pos-
sibilities, largely students and
very apt to look at your spectacles
and read Leonard Cohen in the eleva-
tors. Boys with long hair and only one

idea, hinders who have yet to put
their shoulder to the Canadian wheel
of commerce, later in the lobby.
Waiting to shake out the plan too.

To be fair, the Rockies enjoy a rich
tradition of placidism and am-
ritem, for which information I am ob-
liged to Father Stuart's containing
*The Canadian Rockies, Early Trails
and Explorations*. Among my most
cherished possessions there was the vi-
sionary Sir George Simpson, the
Hudson's Bay Company's little Em-
perors, who was habitually preceded
into the charge of the Chief, Blackfoot,
Peggy and Squire — where he had
come to reside — by a Scots peer
in traditional attire, blowing on his
bagpipes; and who, furthermore, was
a self-proclaimed mink, acknowledging
seven colonial hinders and many
more lots of brown, as he put it, scat-
tered over the mountain passes. I was
also charmed by the delightful poet
Earl of Southesk, who ventured into
the Shining Mountains, in 1859, in
search of sport among the larger ani-
mals, accompanied by a valet and
armed with Shakespeare to ward away
every afternoon. Southesk on the
mountain once, in a note long with re-
cited, the end made in his journal:
"Why am I enduring this? For pleas-
ure — was the only answer, and the
idea seemed so absurd that I laughed
myself warm. Then as the irritation
returned, I remembered that I was
making a lesson in that most valuable
of human studies — the art of Endur-
ance, an art the poor lack performance,
and the rest do not to teach them-
selves."



The Rockies are a masterpiece of design.

MARCH 7

As one massive, towering peak pre-
sented to another, emerging from
the snow on the five-hour run to Jasper, I



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who don't
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"I never worried a bit. If Tony missed with the tranquilizer, I could always shoot him with the camera."

1 A bull elephant is 10 feet tall, weighs 8 tons, and charges at 20 miles an hour. It is the strongest, smartest, and perhaps most dangerous of all animals. Yet it is in respect of extinction. As students of conservation, Tony Parkinson and his wife



2 For two days we looked all over Val for elephants," says Thelma. "Finally we spotted some coming out of Tsavo National Park heading into the desert plants for food. Getting downwind, they fired the dart at a large bull and in the bell began to charge. We dove into the Land Cruiser, leaving him in our dust, then waited until the M99 tranquilizer put him to sleep.

Thelma wanted to study the movements of elephants. To do so requires immobilizing—or "knocking" them. After clearing with the local African Wildlife Society, they and a veterinarian set out on their biological safari.



4 It came as a good when we told our friends at the Val Safari Lodge about it over a bottle of Canadian Club. "Canadian Club Smooth" is the word. It's a word as sunshine. Ironically as laughter Canadian Club is the whiskey that's lighter enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whiskey that's "The Best in the House" in 87 lands.

3 "Quickly I helped Tony, the veterinarian, and Sgt. Mankoni, of the Kenya Game Department, as they took blood samples, checked the ear, and inserted a recording device. All that was left was to reset the electrode and get out fast.



Canadian Club

Canadian Club is distilled and bottled in Wellesville by Heirn Walker & Sons Limited

was covered by low primitive, once primitive, these mountains seemed. Assembled, this wasn't the Alps, though, though disconcerted, where almost every peak clearly looked at, reveals a peasant village. "But too much the dead," Raper Brooke said when he visited, and to the I was only told that the living cannot but be interested by such a landscape. Hence effort would seem more likely here than in most places. The Rockies are conducive to silence.

Raper Lodge its name naturally into its setting, that the tiny Bull Springs Hotel, but I have my doubts about the Indian paintings and sculptures to be seen on display everywhere. After all, there are still some outstanding hills to be visited. Ask Harold Chodson. On the other hand, it's possible that 100 years hence the view along the Rhine will be decorated with children's drawings from Dachsen and Treibis.

In the end, everything's unstable.



MARCH 8

In Edmonton, I saw two trouble in the Peace Club, coming around in an encounter with one of our lighter area members, Chris Hill, its words were found some voice in the words of Frederick Philip Grove.

It is Edmund Wilson has written, Merley Cady's is the most original neglected novelist in the English language, then Grove, sandy, in the man who like the office of most partly occupied that, as Edmonton, as elsewhere in the west, I was to hear him present upon and upon, sometimes for nothing more than his accurate accounts of prairie blizzards and summer thunderstorms, making a case for him as the Percy Bysshe of the

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Southern California

Photo by Starwood of the Pacific, Los Angeles

Canadians Want Stiffer Drug Penalties

During the 12 months ended January 18, 1971, more than 5,000 Canadians were convicted on charges of possessing marijuana and/or hashish. Fewer than 150 went to jail, and most of those had criminal records or faced other charges. Most of those found guilty got off with a fine not exceeding \$200, although they could have received several years in jail.

In short, the penalties are light, and likely to get lighter, for possession of the so-called "soft" drugs. The LeDrew Commission, in its preliminary report, suggested that only suspended sentences or fines should be imposed, and the federal justice department has, since August, 1969, followed a practice of prosecuting these offences by way of summary trial rather than indictment (conviction on indictment would bring a suspended or mandatory jail sentence, summary trial punishes a fine to be levied).

And yet Canadians are, on the whole, opposed to relaxing the penalties. If anything, they want stiffer punishment meted out. This is revealed in a recent study carried out

for Macdonald's by Contemporary Research Centre Limited, one of Canada's foremost research companies. CRCL interviewed 2,900 Canadians from every walk of life, at every corner of the land, and turned up an unmistakable inclination to hold fast or tighten the law. The table below was drawn from statistics based on a scale of five, and the mean response of all those interviewed was 2.71. That indicates a general response somewhere between leaving penalties where they are and slightly increasing them.

Does this mean the government should or will increase the existing penalty? Not necessarily. Study of the table shows that those in the higher income groups, those with better education, and younger people who will soon be moving to the levers of power tend to want the penalties reduced. Future action will depend largely on whether these people change their minds. What is clear today, however, is that the average Canadian is against any further relaxation.

Clearly, too, we hold strong views on drug penalties. Even those who want

no change express their standpoint plainly: clearly, some typical quotes from those who want tougher penalties.

"The whole country's going to get pretty soon."

"If they do nothing about it, it's bound to get worse. God knows it's bad enough now."

"The world is too wild as it is."

From those who want lower penalties:

"There is no more damn harm in smoking marijuana today than in smoking cigarettes."

"Prohibition of the use of marijuana may increase the public demand rather than control it."

"Some of my best friends have marijuana in their possession, and I wouldn't want to see them go to jail."

From those who want no change:

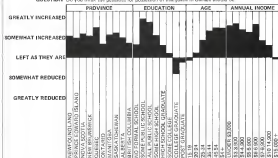
"The penalties should be left as they are until they know for sure how much damage there is."

"I think they catch enough people as it is."

"We are getting educated more in the situation, and softer penalties might not be enforceable."

□

QUESTION: Do you think the penalties for possession of marijuana in Canada should be:



the aging sheds to mingle gently in the cask over a long period of time.

And each year the same thing happens. A goodly portion of our precious mixture vanishes into thin air. Our caskmen have done it again.

They've built us oaken casks that are just porous enough to let some of our Scotch evaporate. And let the rest of it grow smoother and mellow in the process.

All in all, we think it's worth it.

True, we lose a lot of whisky. But we gain a lot of friends.

Between our blenders and our caskmen, we lose a million gallons of whisky a year.

What's more, we're delighted about it. Because our loss really is your gain.

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Each year, when the whiskies have been blended, they're dispatched to



The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's.

days have become hours.
hours now minutes.
minutes now seconds.



how come?

Today's wartime can give more time to the things she really likes to do. Nearly every household should have been allowed to take her time and live happily. Now many things to think for this. (Ladies) household appliances, domestic convenience food, and advertising. Advertising, with fact, and millions of women like her, stand at the same time saving millions. It is the device of their millions that makes their product not practical. And their product makes it not possible. Take a look around you. Part of our good life is the good things in it. And advertising helps good things happen.

advertising helps
good things happen.

AT YOUR SERVICE: THE SPENDER

Car tapes: the song (prerecorded) of the open road

BY GWYNETHATTE

THE SPENDER can have all the comforts of home, including its own record player, thanks to cassette and cassette recordings. Today's highway driver need not be prisoner of whatever enters the car's air, closed radio station chosen to appear between its sets, he can pick his music, or his prerecorded radio program, and play it whenever he likes.

There are more than a score of car tape recorders available, in styles on new cars or easy-to-install units, at prices ranging from about \$30 to \$170 (cassette decks between \$20 and \$40). With some models speakers are included, with others they are included. The recorders go either in or under the dash, some operate through the radio amplifier, while others are self-contained and you don't need a radio.

There are two main types of unit: the cassette and the cassette. The cassette contains an endless-loop tape driving in a single direction, and is not reversible. An eight-track cassette — the usual type — plays up to half an hour, then repeats itself. There are four "programs" to select from by push-button or automatic control. The sound quality is similar to the cassette.

The cassette is exactly the same as the reel-to-reel home recorder, except that it plays more slowly. The advantage of cassettes is that they can be reversed to pick up a prime spot on a recording. They are ideal for teach-yourself subjects (you can brush up your French while you drive) and for home-recorded material — even for recording a road trip.

To operate an automobile tape player, you simply push the cassette or cartridge into a slot and it plays automatically.

There are now hundreds of jazz, rock, pop and classical LP tapes available. Tape prices are not quite competitive with LP records, cassettes and cartridges cost between \$6.95 and \$8.95.

If you want to buy blank cassettes and record your own programs, look for the length of time they will play — 60 minutes, 90 or 120.

Sensuous recording []



Drop by the supermarket, and see what's old.

Where but in Britain, could you find whole street markets devoted to selling antiques?

Welcome to London's Colindale Market.

Where the sidewalk stalls are crisscrossed with exciting prices — often going for a fraction of their true value.

Stroll around. Haggle for a Georgian silver spoon. Price a fake Rubens. (Sure it's a fake!) Enjoy the gossip of what seems more like a big fancy party than a place to buy and sell.

Then make for the market's social centre — the local pub. Knock back a large glass of their special draught beer (some people come down for that alone) and a hot beef pastry. Swap stories with a neighbour about the day's shopping. (After all, you speak the language almost like a native.)

And suddenly, you're feeling like one of the family.

Moments like this come often, on holiday in Britain. England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland — they've all got their own ways to make you feel welcome. We can give you a few ideas for

getting off the beaten track when you come — plus information on how to do it inexpensively, with inclusive tours from \$290.

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Learn how to prevent cancer. Call your local unit of the Canadian Cancer Society and ask for the pamphlet, "73,770 Man-Years Lost."

Canadian Cancer Society

Cancer can be beaten

This space is contributed by the publisher



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MEDICINE

Structural defects such as varicose veins, short sight and areas protruding from the body are brought about by the pressing on of parts that control the shape and function of the organs involved.

Some serious diseases of the nervous system are hereditary, although racially rare. Tay-Sachs disease, which affects infants in Jewish families, is now being intensively studied in Canada as part of the fast-growing movement to learn more about genetics. It causes blindness in affected babies, together with insanity and death before the age of three.

The risk of having a child affected by an inherited disease has been previously elucidated by genetic statisticians. If a parent has a dominant trait (which need be passed on by only one parent to affect the child) the risk is one in two. This should be enough to deter most parents from taking the chance of the defect in a spouse. When a recessive gene is involved (meaning that both parents must contribute an affected gene) and there is already one child affected, the risk of the next child inheriting the defect is one in four! The calculations get more complex, according to the genes involved and the number of children already born.

The new science of genetics is both a burden and a boon to any responsible young couple planning a family. It's worth asking relatives about the family health history on both sides. If there's any pattern of recurrent trouble, talk it over with your family physician. In the case, if necessary, direct you to the genetic counselling services now available in most major cities.

But for those of us who have enjoyed, so to speak, what can be done about the genetic cards we've drawn? Not much, other than to be aware of any potential risks, including sterility. If, for example, your grandpa was violently ill after eating oysters, and your mother's uncle drank's Scotch undiluted, you might be wise to pass up clam chowder. □

ANSWER: AUGUST 10, 7
JOHN W. KIDSON
The Montreal Mirror

There was a major complaint about the size of the student body. There were, for example, repeated comments about one boy who has secured several members of the football staff, and it was accurately reported that the school was understaffed or labor-starved.

What it's like to run Canada's largest lost and found department.

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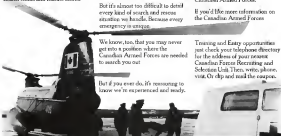
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AT YOUR SERVICE CARS

Two new Beetles—one for the zippier, one for the hippier

BY ALBERT TREMBLAY

It is an irony of history that, among other less acceptable things, Adolf Hitler's legacy to the world was the sort of total mobility that even the tired, homeless of the peripatetic way of life, was unable to provide for North America during the boom years of the 1930s.

Because Hitler admired it, Hitler Porsche designed a people's car in the 1930s. The Volkswagen never got off German soil because the war intervened, but when the war ended the bug was reborn and throughout the world it and its imitators brought the automobile into the hands of nearly everybody — even those North Americans who couldn't afford, even at cash or lease, a more conventional car.

And now that Detroit and the Japanese and a score or so European car makers have unveiled the bug's rival, Volkswagens is fighting back.

In Canada, its principal weapons are the Super Beetle and the VW 411, a four-door, deluxe sedan introduced — and not particularly well received — in Europe three years ago. Sadly, the newly arriving new VW product, the medium-sized Audi, is not being sold in Canada yet.

The Super Beetle is designed to provide the young with a cheaper car; the 411 is aimed at aging bug owners who want to migrate in terms of looks and luxury.

The Super Beetle has a hood that is 7.2 inches longer to provide extra luggage space; engine modifications to improve performance; redesigned suspension to improve handling; an uprated interior; and refinements such as improved heating, bigger headlights and brake drums and a rear-window wiper blade.

Most important of all—results were so thorough that the improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

This was accomplished with a new healing substance (Prep-H) which quickly helps heal injured cells and inflammation growth of new tissue.

New Prep-H is offered in obnoxious and expensive form called Preparation H. Ask for it in all drug stores—introduction or your money refunded.

infused, an even rapidly becoming accepted as a waste material for Canada and the northern U.S. In road-testing, all these changes work. The Super Beetle is precisely more of a good thing.

It is, unfortunately, not as easy to be as sanguine about the VW's other weapons in the armory — the 411 sedan.

In terms of the manufacturer's aim, I suppose the 411 could be regarded as a success. It is aimed at the costume bug owner, grown affluent and perhaps a little complacent, who now values comfort, workmanship and service above all else. The car and the company provide these. The 411 is well planned and finished. There is ample leg and headroom for rear-seat passengers, seemingly acres of space in the front seats, a good air-conditioning and heating system and a slew of luxurious amenities — including, of course, that rear-window defroster.

However, on the road the 411 competes unfavorably with many other cars of competing size. The handling is far from snappy, and — like the bug itself — the 411 is alarmingly sensitive to side winds. Although the traditional flat-four 1600 cc engine has been boosted to 1700 cc and is led by an electronic system of indirect fuel injection, it still develops only 93 horsepower — which would be totally inadequate but for the superbly complementary action of the four-speed gearbox. And even though the 411 has fine brakes and is in stopping power as hardly surprising.

But this total mobility is now being regarded as something of a social problem, and to drive a big and usually expensive car is regarded by some as a social sin. After all, it was the very practicality and economy of the original bug that were so attractive to the kind of Canadians who bought them in the first place.

It could be that the very birth of the 411 will turn out to be its death in the marketplace. □



On the road, the 411 (left) left some doubt, while the Super Beetle handled well.



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REVIEWS

MARCH 1971

To them he's just David Steinberg. To us (now that he's made it), he's Canada's own David Steinberg

BY PETER GODDARD

THE RECEPTION in *Playboy* magazine's Park Avenue New York office needed around with a theory, "Can I help you?"

Yes, I said, I'm here to interview David Steinberg. You know, David Steinberg, the comic.

"Oh," she said, "you must be the gentleman from *McLaren*."

"Then you've got the wrong floor," she said, moving around again.

It was a situation David Steinberg could have said. He'd have appreciated the high-pressure nature of it all. It was the kind of real-life story I'd heard him describe during guest appearances on the *Johnny Carson Show*, the *Dan Martin Show*, the *Dick Cavett Show* or even the late *Smother Brothers Comedy Hour* (it was Steinberg, remember, who in 1969 got the *Smother Brothers* in trouble with the CBS censors). It was the sort of civil-war intensity that drives us to drink. I was sitting at the table with our arguments. Yes, it would have been perfect for David Steinberg. With that, neither comedian he'd have made a sound, by tone, provocative, conversational and a little sexy. He'd have said it sound, above all, sexy.

"All my material is really out there. It really happens to me," he was saying when I finally located him in the office of Ariane Rothberg, a director of talent at *Playboy* and Steinberg's manager. "I don't believe in trying to break jokes just to get laughs. And I think most of my success — you know, the stand-up thing, getting recognized on the street — comes from being able to make TV work for me at McLuhan's re-



ceiver. You know, to appear cool and relaxed."

A McLuhanite comedian? Well, it doesn't sound as far-fetched when Steinberg explains it. His intellect responds easily to deconstructive subjects and in his 29 years he has learned from many sources. From his father, a Winnipeg rabbi who spoke to his son in Yiddish, from the year he spent when he was 18 at a Hebrew university in Israel, from the University of Chicago where he got a master's degree in English Literature; from the five years he spent with Chicago's famed satirical company The Second City, from his addition to *Heinz*, especially *Heinz* Troutman's, from the Marx brothers, from Mark Twain, from psychologists B. D. Loevinger, from old Wayne and Shuster radio shows he listened to at night when he was growing up in Winnipeg.

"I was 15 when I left Winnipeg to escape the middle-class Jewish thing. I had led myself into a career there, kidding myself about what I was doing and about what I was going to do. I was really thinking big at 15 and Winnipeg was just too small. I had performed at the YMHA and at various civic centers. I was just the kid musician — but already I was the dynamic performer. The people didn't know I was performing, but I was. I made myself into a legend."

The illusion became reality with the Second City. Steinberg was with the company in Chicago, then in New York and London. He wrote much of their material. Then he left to work in the theatre — first, in the off-Broadway hit *The Mad Shave*, and then in two on Broadway flops, *Little Manatee* and *Curry Mc Book To Memory*. In 1968 he opened at the Bitter End, the Greenwich Village coffee house that has launched such dynamic talents as Patti Smith and Mary and Dick Cavett. A New York Times reviewer described him as a combination of Leroy Brown, Woody Allen and Buckley Braxton. David Steinberg had arrived.

Oh, there were problems. There are always problems. The Bitter End, always an financial difficulty, had made deals with too few companies to push the occasional band of eighteen through the front door. So every so often the place would be full of nice Middle Americans getting their first taste of the big time, and up on stage there'd be this clever Canadian kid grinning like a schoolboy as he mocked religion, married sex and rock products at the government. And the more being he got, the more he smiled. It was upsetting.

"It got so every time a bus came by they'd avoid my level. Even with TV the camera was always on my back."

In April, 1969, Robert D. Wood, president of the CBS television network, cancelled an advance of the *Smother Brothers Comedy Hour* because, he claimed, one of Steinberg's monologues would be considered "immoral and obscene" by much of the show's audience. The material in question was a monologue in which Steinberg would upstage the audience "to put the Christ back in Christmas and the Vibe back in Christmas."

"Is a way I've modeled myself for TV, I've found a particular space for myself on TV. At college concerts I've been much more political, much more radical than I am on TV. A concert is like a bullfight, it can be all yours if you win the audience. But I don't think I could go too far along that way. I'm not so good at it as Mort Sahl. The last nightclub performer on the network is Richard Pryor, but on TV he's through. The network

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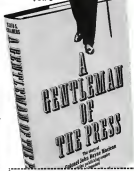
Another Floyd Chalmers is able to deal with raw insight and accuracy Maclean's climb to the heights of Canadian publishing. His own role in the drama—first editor to president and chairman of the board of the communications network Maclean initiated—was a large one. From this strange place, Chalmers reveals the strengths and weaknesses of his employer as well as the behind-the-scenes workings of a Canadian publishing enterprise with a voice and vision that all the more interesting because it drives from personal knowledge.

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LOOK FOR RECORDS

As An Evening Of Death (Apop) In the world of classical music, spontaneous interest are rare and thus even more treasurable. In this utterly stunning, beguiling recording, three great artists — mezzo-soprano, soprano and tenor — perform the music of the late, great composer, Daniel Barenboim. The results are sublime. □

Nature's (BCA Victor) These Days Night have clearly translated the words of every other group, given that they may make a style of their own. For the most part, though, there is much to admire in the way they put their songs together, in their attention to each of a song's structure and in their understanding of the power, raw, emotional, evocative power of a memorable line. □

Monet Place Music (London) Vladimir Ashkenazy plays this wonderful music — Sonata in D major, K. 576, Sonata in A minor, K. 310, Sonata in A minor, K. 311 — with a wonderful understanding. His feeling for the music's shape, its alternating internal and external voices, is utterly beautiful. It's as if some wizard's proverbial hand had woven together all the elements — dynamics, rhythm, thought, tempo. The wizard is Ashkenazy. □

REVIEWS

BOOKS

Reading George Ryga — discouraging words for the Canadian stage

BY ROBERT WEAVER

ANYONE who sets out to write for the theatre in Canada must surely be suffering from some form of severe psychosis. It's not only difficult to get original dramatic works staged and to persuade audiences to come to see them, the theatre is also notoriously a place where managers, directors and actors have their own, often contradictory and frustrating, ideas about how a script should be performed. Yet for a decade now George Ryga has been writing for the theatre (as well as for film, radio and television), and *The Ensay Of Rita Joe* and *Other Plays* brings together in book form the three most successful plays he has produced in that time.

Ryga was born of Ukrainian parents 35 years ago in Deep Creek, a small town in northern Alberta. He worked at various times as farm, in steel construction (where, he lost three fingers), and for a radio station in Edmonton. In the mid-1960s he published two novels, both of them portraits of hard life on the Prairies. *Heavy Rain* was very much a first novel, but in *Roll Of A Coin* Ryga's realism is blended with dreams and symbols in a way that points toward his recent dramatic work. Today Ryga lives in Vancouver, near Port Moody, BC.

Indeed, the shortest of the three plays in Ryga's new book and the first to be written, was produced as a television play for the CBC's *Quar* in 1962 and later returned to a one-act play for the stage. The tone is suggested by its first stage description — it is set, Ryga tells us, in "that, grey, stark, anarchy." There are only three characters: a (non-Indian) Indian, a white farmer who employs him, and a

white Indian agent whom he confronts throughout the greater part of the drama.

At first the Indian, who is badly hung over and trying to place his emphasis, adopts the disguise of the racial stereotype, he acts and talks like the "sore, born" American Negro of 10 years ago. But, judged by the combining and perceiving Indian agent, he exposes himself as a rising passion of rage and finally makes an appeal. "I want nothing from you — just to talk to me — to know who I am."

The Indian agent doesn't understand, or doesn't want to understand, and the same Indians of sympathy takes place in the other two plays in the book, among whites dealing with Indians in *The Ensay Of Rita Joe*, and among the older generation dealing with the young in *Green And Wild Strawberries*. Both plays were produced in local productions at the Playhouse Theatre in Vancouver, and in the summer of 1969 *The Ensay Of Rita Joe* was also performed at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa. In *Rita Joe* Ryga not only undertakes to explore the attitudes of whites toward Indians and of Indians toward whites, he also creates a biography of three generations of an Indian family in *Green And Wild Strawberries* he tackles the generation gap and hope philosophy.

Some of the criticism of *Rita Joe* is that it is acceptable in their dealings with Indians, some, such as a social worker, are hostile, and some, such as the magistrate, are condescendingly playful — and the play itself is deadly. But Ryga's Indians are far from being noble savages, some of them are attempting to conform to white society, some live isolated in the past

and some, like Rita Joe (whose fate is predictable, sad, and bleak), are self-destructive in their defiance. Ryga writes social drama, but he pays most of his characters — perhaps not his social workers — the tribute of being human.

The Ensay Of Rita Joe is one of the few best, if not the best, dramas yet written for the theatre in English Canada. It is, in fact, *Green And Wild Strawberries* was a more popular play with audiences, although not all of the critics agreed with the public's assessment. Like Rita Joe it is an interesting and superb and seriously seductive drama, but it has defects — including sentimentalism in the person of one of its central characters, an elderly, faded, but not romantic, woman.

Just before Christmas the Vancouver Playhouse decided to "defer production" of a third play Ryga has written for the company, *Capricorn Of The Fabled Drummer* is a drama about political violence set in the future but evidently inspired by the situation in Quebec. Ryga charged that the play had been assigned to "community and educational" theatres. Finally, no doubt, it will be staged somewhere (the St. Lawrence Centre, Toronto Workshop Productions and Vancouver's Citadel Theatre have expressed an interest in the play) and we can judge it for ourselves. Certainly it's difficult for this reviewer



to sort out the rights and wrongs of the incident. In the meantime the Vancouver Playhouse has forfeited its opportunity to encourage and develop a committed and artistic playwright, and Ryan has lost the incredible opportunity of working with an established theatrical organization in his own locality. It's a sorry ending to what might have been a useful collaboration in contemporary theatre in Canada.

The Essay Of Rita Joe And Other Plays, George Ryan, New Press, \$8 cloth, \$3 paper. □

LOOK FOR BOOKS

□ *Nail Polish*, by Irving Layton, McClelland & Stewart, \$5.95 cloth, \$2.95 paper. Layton's surreal collection of new poetry — fragments of autobiography, and comments on the human condition. Look for especially the poems. Shakespeare, a typically personal, fresh and established tribute to that "fearful face in one's path" whose genius intimidates even Layton. □

□ *The Maple Leaf Forever*, essays on Nationalism and Politics in Canada, by Ramsey Cook, Macmillan, \$7.95 cloth, \$4.95 paper. Ramsey Cook, one of the early supporters of Prime Minister Trudeau in English Canada, is an historian with a special interest in French Canada. This book brings together a wide range of essays he has written to reveal more, more of than dealing with the history and the present complexities of nationalism in Canada. □

□ *Florida, What Are You?*, by Roch Carrier, translated by Shelia Fishelson, House of Anansi, \$6.50 cloth, \$2.50 paper. Carrier's earlier novel *Le Guern*, *For Sam's* was extensively praised when it appeared in an English translation about a year ago. Its sequel, which takes place in a single night of violence and nightmare, provides further insight through fantasy and revealed into the working spirit of Quebec society. □

CONTEST

Former PC chief lauds Dalton Camp? Okay, we made it up. Let's see what you can do with abutting headlines

Former PC Chief Lauds Columnist Dalton Camp
Sir John A. Macdonald "Schemer," says Dief

Snowmobiles Pose Threat To "Civilization" in Canada
Few Remaining Pedestrians To Be Shown on the CBC

Contest No. 68

When newspaper headlines abut, intriguing episodes can occur if you ignore column rules separating the stories. Readers are invited to outrageous hypothetical shuffling headlines relating to the *Columbian* (C-40). Our usual prize: Address entries to Contest No. 68, *Maclean's*, 461 University Avenue, Toronto 105, Ont. Deadline: March 28.

Results of Contest No. 66

Our source gauds: "For people we don't like" drew a plethora of wonderfully subtle advice. Some of the entries were fairly ingenious — one lady suggested that visitors to Niagara Falls should leech their heads a half mile above the entrance "to give a new perspective of the natural wonder." More subtly dangerous are the following tips, 110 goes to each of the authors:

□ European visitors should be sure to enjoy that greatest of all Canadian gourmet specialties, the hot beef sandwich. Waterfalls does of tender, rare roast beef on crusty farmhouse bread, provisioned by the natural juices of the meat, are available in any corner restaurant (L. M. Peveet, Ottawa).

□ Travelers who enjoy relax-

ing and fishing must not miss the untapped splendor of Ontario's beautiful water playground Lake Erie (Kathy Lindsay, Toronto).

□ Should a policeman stop you for speeding, you can answer it's a Moustie (not all of whom wear red). So congratulate him on his resemblance to Nelson Eddy. You'll get a smile and a delighted "Drive on!" (Ellen Rudnik, Edmonton).

□ The glamorous villages around Nova Scotia's Chatham Bay are full of turn-of-century dairy folkfolk (Ebe Perre, Cundy Mountain, Que.).

□ The friends of our wild friends in Algonquin Park are the black bears. These gentle creatures will eat popcorn and peanuts out of your hand in the park's scenic Dumping Area (Peter Kettigen, Toronto).

□ In Vancouver's seafood restaurants, knowledgeable knowledgeable must on Whitefish pilchery (V. H. Johnson, Kingston, Ont.).

□ American diners in Finnish restaurants in Montreal will enjoy having the quietest local music translated into English by the waiter. When it comes to ordering, though, better stick to a good old hotdog or hamburger (Mrs. W. A.

Hair, Ashton, Que.).

□ Visiting GIs will find a warm reception in any branch of the Canadian Legion if they recall the Viet Nam tales of American horses in the last war (D. Kishel, Jr., Chatham, Ont.).

□ Customs officers at border crossings have a good shuckle. Brighten their day by supplying "Red Chum," when asked for glass of beer. Add that you have nothing to declare but a lot of marijuana hidden somewhere in your car (A. C. Stone, Windsor, Ont.).

□ In Quebec you can strike a blow for Canadian unity by emphasizing your links with La Belle Province. Learn to say, in French, that your ancestors came over with Wolfe (Joyce K. Hibbert, Drummondville, Que.).

□ If you're talking to a Social Credit in Alberta, be sure to point out that it's the oil and not good government that made the province wealthy (J. S. Erickson, Sarnia, Ont.).

□ Heavy tapping is the rule when working in the Maritimes. If a local gives you directions to the Keweenaw Falls he'll expect a two-dollar gratuity. If he protests vigorously, you're not offering him enough (Professor S. S. is a Leigh, University of New Brunswick). □



The Smirnoff Brunch: a place in the sun

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